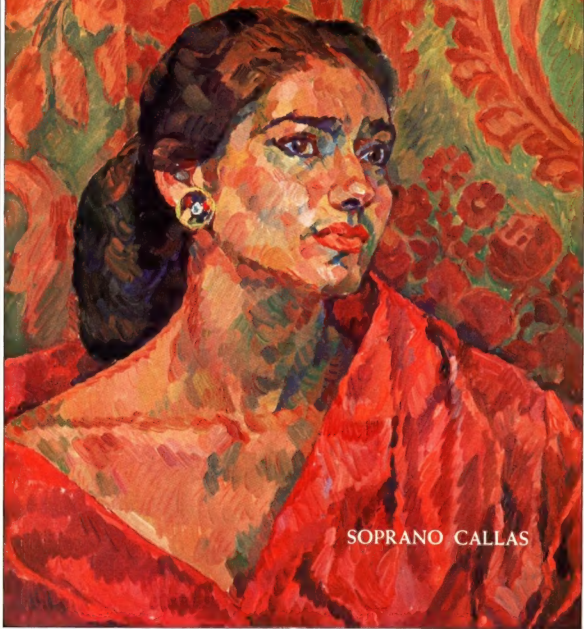


TWENTY CENTS

OCTOBER 29, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

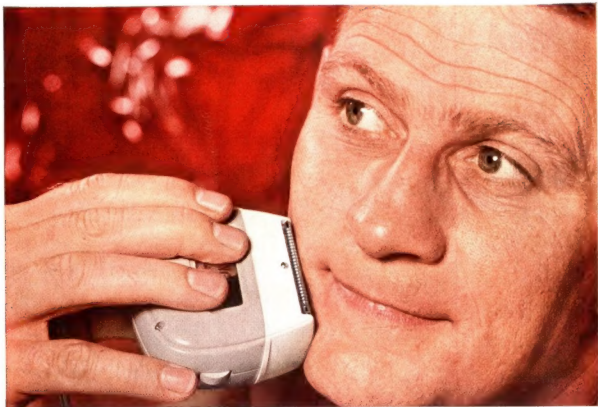


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VOL. LXVIII NO. 18



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Amazing Roller Comb action enables the Rollectric to shave the Hidden Beard that lurks below ordinary shaving level. (The pictures below show how the Rollectric does a shaving job that's never been done before.)

Exclusive Roller Combs also protect tender facial skin, give smooth, *all-comfort* shaves every time. Try the revolutionary new Remington Rollectric! The Rollectric comes in a smart suede travel case.



Here's your hidden beard. Whiskers grow in tiny valleys. Ordinary shavers skim the tops of these valleys—shave only the tops of whiskers. Soon each whisker base grows out and your Hidden Beard can be seen and felt.

Here's how Remington gets it. The Rollectric's Roller Combs gently press the skin valleys down—pop up whisker bases into path of main-sized shaving head. Each whisker is sheared off at its base—cleanly, comfortably, quickly.



*This new
Roller Comb
principle
outmodes
all other
methods of
shaving!*

ALSO AVAILABLE:
The Remington Foursome
with Rollectric features.
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The Smart Bird sometimes waits until he stops to smoke. Or on the road, he makes sure his cigarette butt goes in his car's ash tray. He enjoys the beauty of America and wants to preserve it for others.



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It's smart
to use
premium
gasoline



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CORPORATION
New York 17, N. Y.



“Why Hansel and Rodica Spent 5 Days on the Gulf of Mexico”

RELATES MR. HANSEL MANSFIELD



“A glorious trip! We were on a tour around the United States. We enjoyed the beauty along the Gulf, driving through Pascagoula and Biloxi.

“It happened when we drove into Gulfport. A collision with another car. Happily, no one was hurt, but we had that lost, helpless feeling . . . 2,500 miles from home.

“Soon we found we were among friends. Even though it was Sunday, a Hardware Mutuals representative was quickly at our side. He relieved us of every worry, even drove us to a motel. He made us both feel at home. It took five days to complete the repairs on our car—and we were on our way again.

“My wife, Rodica, and I learned two things. First, our five days on the Gulf were most enjoyable. Second, it's good to have Hardware Mutuals protection whenever and wherever you may drive your car in these United States.”

The Policy Back of the Policy®

Be certain you have Hardware Mutuals protection and service from offices coast to coast. It takes the people of Hardware Mutuals to demonstrate our nationally known *policy back of the policy*. To contact the representative nearest you refer to your classified telephone book for Hardware Mutuals listing.



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


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




YES! You may have, FREE, ANY 3 of these best-selling 12" Columbia  records. We make this unique offer to introduce you to the money-saving program of the Columbia  Record Club... a program that selects for you each month the greatest works in every field of music—performed by the world's finest artists and brilliantly recorded on Columbia  records.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

To enjoy the benefits of the Club's program and to receive your 3 records free—mail the coupon, indicating choice of the four Club divisions best suited to your musical taste: Classical; Jazz; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies. Each month you will receive free the Club Magazine which describes the current selections in all four divisions. You may accept or reject the monthly selection for your division. You may also take records from the other Club divisions. This unique advantage assures you the widest possible choice of recorded entertainment. Or you may tell us to send you NO record in any month. Your only obligation is to accept as few as 4 selections from the almost 100 that will be offered during the next 12 months, and you may cancel membership at any time thereafter. The records you want are mailed and billed to you at only \$3.98 plus a small mailing charge.

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
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Indicate on the coupon which 3 records you want free, and the division you prefer. Then mail the coupon at once. You must be delighted with membership or you may cancel without obligation by returning the free records within 10 days.

COLUMBIA  RECORD CLUB
165 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.


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COLUMBIA  RECORD CLUB,
Dept. 402, 165 West 46th St.,
New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me as my FREE gift the 3 records indicated here: (Select the records you want by checking the 3 boxes in the list at the right)

...and enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)
☐ Classical ☐ Listening and Dancing
☐ Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies ☐ Jazz

Each month you will send me the Columbia  Record Club Magazine which describes the records offered in all four Club divisions. I have the privilege of accepting the monthly selection in the division checked above, or any other selection described, or none at all. My only obligation is to accept a minimum of four records in the next 12 months at the regular list price plus a small mailing charge. After accepting 4 records, I will receive a free Bonus record for every two additional records I purchase. If not delighted with membership, I may cancel within 10 days by returning all records.

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CHECK THE 3 RECORDS YOU WANT:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite; The Sleeping Beauty Ballet; Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond. | <input type="checkbox"/> Jazz: Red Hot & Cool; Dave Brubeck Quartet in Blue; Concerto in F; An American in Paris. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Voice: Frank Sinatra in 12 songs that first made him famous—Love, Poodle Dog, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Levant Plays Gershwin: Rhapsody in Blue; Concerto in F; An American in Paris. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> King of Swing: Vol. I. Benny Goodman and Original Octet, Trio Quartet, Rising High, Moonlight—9 more. | <input type="checkbox"/> Saturday Night Mood: Dance music by 12 bands—Jimmy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye, etc. |
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THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

LETTERS

The Campaign

Sir:

For the next four years I would like for our country a President who is not a playboy, majoring in the game of golf and minorning in the affairs of state.

New York City

SOL ROSOF

Sir:

Hurrah for Dick Nixon! I have wondered how long this Democrat hogwash about the "little man" would go unchallenged. There is no such thing as a little American. Most of us are small businessmen or wage earners. We may not have as much money as Stevenson or Harriman, but we can bet our bottom dollar that they are not planning on dividing theirs with us.

DONALD W. PRAIRIE

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

We have had the Great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, the Great Commoner, Henry Clay, and currently we have the Great Promiser, Adlai Stevenson.

EDGAR RAY PRICKETT
Birmingham, Ala.

Sir:

For a man who "had no intention of lending the presidency to campaign potshotting" (Sept. 24), President Eisenhower appears to be making a hell of a lot of noise from a hell of a lot of places.

A. KOBER

New York City

Sir:

At the end of Truman's term, Adlai had an old pair of shoes with a hole through the half-sole; now, at the end of three years of Ike's term, Adlai has a new pair of shoes with a whole half-sole.

JOHN YANCEY

Los Angeles

Sir:

Stevenson is a roorback specialist. The roorback hibernates during political off-years and roars back to life during national presidential campaigns. Ex-President Truman is a well-known breeder of roorbacks; occasionally they turn on him. His latest encounter with a roorback was well nigh fatal.

FRANK E. O'NEIL

Raleigh, N.C.

☐ *Roorback: A defamatory falsehood published for political effect—Webster's.* The word comes from a report

published in Whig papers on the eve of the 1844 election, attributed to a fictitious Baron Roorback. The report, an unsuccessful attempt to defeat Democratic Candidate (and slaveholder) James K. Polk, charged that a gang of slaves branded with the initials J.K.P. had been seen on their way to Southern markets.—E.D.

Family Talk (Contd.)

Sir:

Monica Thomas (Oct. 1) has certainly seen through the camouflage issues of the cost of living, farmer subsidies and world peace to the real question: "Can a man with toothy sons find happiness as the President of a wealthy and titled nation?"

JIM & JAN LEIKER

San Gabriel, Calif.

Sir:

Are there actually "millions" of women voters who will base their affiliations on photographs of the "family group" that may inhabit the White House next year? If there are, I suggest that we elect Pappy Yokum, and install Mammy Yokum, L'il Abner, Daisy Mae and Honest Abe in the White House. They meet every requirement: typically American, non-Ivy League and quite "natural."

SHERWIN L. SAMUELS

ABE SALKIN

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

Someone ought to inform dear Monica that we are electing a President and not a reigning family come November. She sounds like a strong argument for the repeal of woman suffrage.

JOHN F. RISDELL

Brooklyn

Father & Son

Sir:

Bouquets to you for your article on Gene and Herman Talmadge. It not only showed an insight into the politically adolescent mind of the Southern voter, but gave a taste of what can come about under a Democratic administration, whether it be state or federal.

A. TREMBLAY

Salem, Mass.

Sir:

Hearty thanks for that lifelike Herman Talmadge on your cover. This boy's going places—and he should. He's probably the

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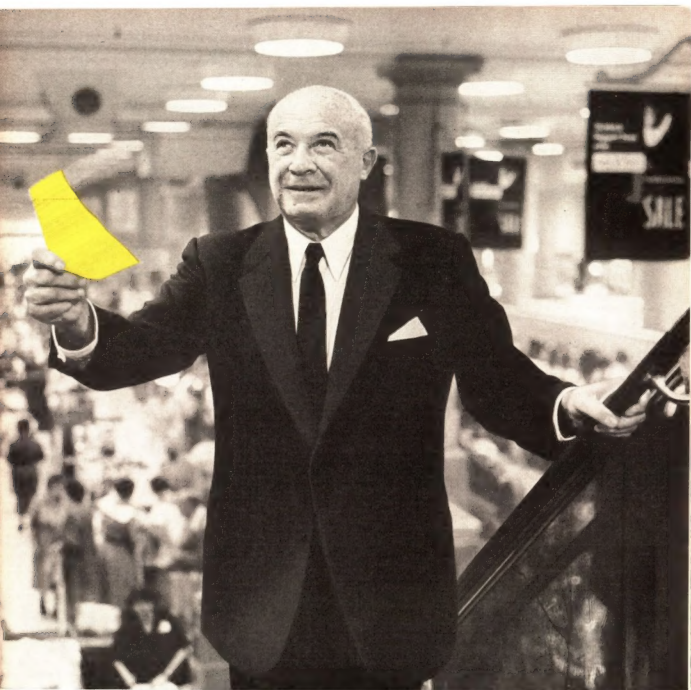
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TIME
October 29, 1956

Volume LXVIII
Number 18

TIME, OCTOBER 29, 1956



Bernard F. Gimbel, Chairman of the Board, Gimbel Bros., as photographed by Peter Benesh

"Nothing but nothing gets things done like telegrams," says Bernard Gimbel

"Nobody but nobody undersells Gimbels," says the Chairman of the Board of Gimbel Brothers. "For instance, we buy carpet by the carload—but only after we've checked enough other sources to make sure the price is as low as possible. Often we must move at a moment's notice. That's where telegrams can't be beat. Bids are placed fast and in writing—avoiding costly mistakes."

More than a million times a day,

business finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments. Speed plus the written record make the telegram essential to American business.

DO YOU KNOW about these other Western Union services? *Market Surveys:* from a one-town check of dealers to nationwide sampling of consumer buying habits . . . *Charge it:* any time, any place, it's easy to charge a telegram.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

ON ANY OCCASION . . .

IT'S WISE TO WIRE!

WHAT LINCOLN TOLD THE TEETOTALER

by
J.P. Van Winkle
President
Sitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Lincoln once replied to a prohibitionist's complaint that General Grant was overly-fond of his bottle.

"Find out the brand of whiskey the General uses," Lincoln said. "I would like to furnish the same brand to my other generals."

The history books are silent on the matter of Grant's favorite brand. Nor do our own distillery records list him as a customer.

But if the General was the bourbon connoisseur he reportedly exposed himself to being, it's a fair guess that he sampled many a tasty dram from our 107-year old firm.

And if Lincoln had serious intent, which we doubt, perhaps it was our whiskey which screwed the courage of faint-hearted generals that finally won the war.

All of which would have proved a boomerang to our family distillery, which was strictly "Rebel" at the time.

Be that as it may, if you'll look about today you'll find the typical customer of Old Fitzgerald, like General Grant, pretty much all man.

In shop, farm, store or office, he's the "general" who gets things done, then looks to his whiskey as rewarding diversion among family or friends at busy day's end.

Seldom the "beginning" drinker, he has tried many types and brands, and has made his last switch to Old Fitzgerald as the final choice of mature tastes. Slowly savoring its full round flavor, he drinks more for sociable pleasure than for "kicks."

In short, he's the master of his bottle, seldom its slave.

In my sixty-three years in this business I've observed that the cut of a man's jib somehow matches the choice in his glass. In the matter of bourbon, brand fits the man.

If our label suits you, we invite you to join the inner circle of business hosts who have already discovered Old Fitzgerald, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

most versatile politician in the country as well as the most fascinating personality in the South.

MARILYN D. MAJOR
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir: Never have I seen such a blatant disregard for intellectual honesty as was displayed in the story on Herman Talmadge. How you must fear this capable man! The darkness of your minds is pitiful.

WILLIAM E. BAILEY
Decatur, Ga.

Duffy's Boys

Sir: Congratulations on your fine cover article on Duffy Daugherty (Oct. 8). As an ardent alumnus and former letter winner, I feel



Henry Kotner
ROBERTS

DAUGHERTY

proed to have had two of our group make your cover recently—Robin Roberts (May 28), and now the coach (see cut).

DONN JOYCE
Vineland, N.J.

Sir: A truly wonderful article. A technical correction, however: "... leaving the quarterback free to block ahead of runner or tear downfield for a pass..." The official N.C.A.A. football rules, Rule 7, Sec. 3, Article 3b, on Eligibility to Catch a Pass, says: "Each player [is eligible] who is in an end position on the line of scrimmage and each player who is legally in his backfield and who is not in a position to receive a hand-to-hand snap from the center."

In other words, a T-quarterback is not eligible to receive a forward pass.

NATE BEARDSLEY
Princeton, Mass.

Sir: Thought you might be interested in the following "Duffism." The day your Duffy Daugherty issue hit the stands, he said that when he was asked if he wasn't afraid his picture on Time would bring him bad luck, he replied: "It didn't seem to hurt Nasser much."

LOWELL R. EKLUND
Pontiac, Mich.

The New Justice

Sir: While I was delighted to read your article about my brother, Justice William J. Brennan Jr., on the occasion of his appointment to the United States Supreme Court, it contains one particular misstatement which I feel should be corrected. It is not true that after his Army service "he returned to his law firm only upon his insistence that he be made a partner..." Rather, he became a partner in the firm in 1938 and terminated his connection with it in 1942, shortly after he entered the Army. He was readmitted to the partnership in 1945 after his discharge from the Army.

FRANCIS W. BRENNAN
Newark

Death of Tacho

Sir: "Tommy, they got me this time," President Somoza said to U.S. Ambassador Thomas Whelan the night he was shot down. That remark recalls the one the President made when I told him I was retiring (in January 1945) as U.S. Ambassador to Nicaragua. It was early morning, and he was in his hammock being shaved. He turned his head and said: "Jeemmy, do you realize that in the two and one half years you have been in Managua I have not once said 'no' to you?" It was true. During those war years, I had made many requests of him at the instance of the Secretary of State. I would hand my friend Tacho a memorandum. He would read it, initial it and, smiling, hand it back, saying, "O.K., Jeemmy, send a copy to the Foreign Office." And so, by means of this short cut, Washington would often receive a reply to its telegraphic request the same day it was dispatched.

JAMES B. STEWART
Denver

Sir: Dictators, whether they operate in Poland or in Argentina, Hungary or Nicaragua, are neither to be coddled nor mourned.

RICHARD M. KOSTER
Brooklyn

Sir: Now that Somoza is gone, will our State Department try to cram his heirs down the throats of the Nicaraguan people by labeling any opposition to them as "Communist-inspired"? I know that U.S. policy has long been to support any dictator who is willing to play ball with our State Department. Is this the way we are going to lead the enslaved peoples of the world to freedom?

EDWARD M. BIANCHI
Campbell, Calif.

Sir: You mention that Anastasio Somoza Jr. ("Tachito") of Nicaragua was educated at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. It would make interesting reading if you could unearth the bug-brained bureaucrat who awarded a West Point appointment to the son of a foreign dictator.

F. G. HAZELTINE, M.D.
Seattle

Under federal law, all admissions of citizens of South American republics to West Point are by permission of the President of the U.S., in Tachito's case F.D.R.—Ed.

Privileged Beverage

Sir: Relative to your article on Pabst and the parson [Oct. 17]: beer is not the drink of moderation but the drink of special privilege. The whiskey drunk goes to jail; the beer drunk goes free. The whiskey drinker pays excessive taxes; the beer drinker pays almost none. Beer is respectable, and can be advertised on television; whiskey is too evil to be mentioned on this medium. Why not face it? If whiskey is bad, beer is bad; if beer is good, then whiskey is good.

ARTHUR R. HARMON
Port Republic, N.J.

Historic Pub

Sir: After reading your explanation [Sept. 24] of the name of London's Elephant & Castle, may a Londoner give you the name origin of another famous London pub, The Goat & Compasses? During the Great Fire of



Is your pocketbook chronically underweight?

No matter how heavy your pocketbook is at the beginning of the month you probably find it disarmingly light at the end. Why don't you correct this condition by putting more in it? You can, you know, if you give proper attention to these essentials:

First: It's hard to find anything much more gratifying than having *two* incomes: one that you earn at your daily job... and another that your income earns for you and can keep on earning for you after you retire. Perhaps you need an up-to-date investment plan — the services of someone who can help you decide about investing in stocks or bonds, or both. Many people find investment in common stock on the New York Stock Exchange can bring this extra income in dividends. More than that, the value of your investment can grow. Stock ownership makes you part owner of a company and if the company grows and prospers you can prosper, too.

Second: Bear in mind that no common stock is guaranteed to pay dividends and no company is certain to grow or even to hold its own in our competitive economy. That's why it's important to get the facts before you invest. Don't jump at tips or rumors.

Third: So before it slips away — firmly grasp a part of each month's income and invest it to earn more income...using money left over after bills and family emergencies are provided for.

Fourth: If you've never visited a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange a pleasant experience lies ahead of you. Drop in on the nearest one tomorrow. They'll welcome an opportunity to sit down with you and help you work out a sensible investment program that might include bonds or preferred stocks as well as common stocks. And they'll help you get the facts you'll want.

More than 300 stocks on the Exchange have paid dividends *every year* from 25 to 108 years. We've listed them in a fascinating booklet, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." It shows which pay 5 to 6 percent at recent prices...which are most favored by financial institutions...which have high earnings in relation to dividends paid (sometimes a sign of growth). And it describes the Monthly Investment Plan, which helps you to invest *regularly* on a pay-as-you-go basis. It's yours, free, at the nearest Member Firm. Or send the coupon. You work hard for your income — are you sure your income is working as hard as it can for you?

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See your travel agent
or any Braniff office.

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Serving Over 60 Cities in the U.S.A.
and South America

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London, one entire section of the city was burned down except for a local tavern, which stood intact, surrounded by gutted buildings. So the grateful innkeeper renamed his pub The God Encompasses Us.

WILLIAM HARVEY

West Hartford, Conn.

The Kissing Question

Sir:

I am a Roman Catholic, educated in Catholic schools and a Catholic college, and at no time have I ever been advised that kissing is either a venial or mortal sin. I think your article, "The Venial Kiss" [Oct. 8], is utterly ridiculous.

LORETTA CONNOLLY

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

When the mighty Church of Rome has nothing better to do with its time and energy than legislate concerning the relation of kissing to fornication, its affairs must be in a pretty pickle indeed.

G. F. LEWIS

Toronto, Ont.

Sir:

In our marriage courses at the University of Buffalo, students are encouraged to kiss on dates. Are we encouraging sin?

ROBERT M. FRUMKIN

Buffalo

The Questioning Child

Sir:

Edith Hunter, in "The Questioning Child and Religion" [Oct. 8], speaks of the child who wants to go to the movies on Sundays so that Jesus won't come again and snatch her away. Wouldn't the child be safer in Miss Hunter's Unitarian Sunday school, for Jesus would never think of looking there?

(THE REV.) GEORGE E. CONDIT

Central Falls, R.I.

Sir:

You report that Mrs. Hunter said, "Children should be exposed to Scripture with extreme caution." The Apostle Paul, an inspired writer of Scripture, didn't agree with such advice. In his letter to Timothy he said: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

GEORGE M. BOWMAN

Toronto

Sir:

The confusion of Unitarians, Universalists and "liberal" thinkers as to what to tell a questioning child is understandable. Having robbed Christ of His deity, ridiculed His miracles, denied His bodily resurrection, they have left only a deuded man of history who erroneously believed himself to be God, and about whom we have no accurate record.

MARGARET MCLEAN

Canton, Ohio

Pilot's Picnic

Sir:

I am afraid that the world's diplomats and *TIME* are completely misled as to the importance of Suez pilots and the difficulty of their task. I dare say that Suez pilots are one of the easiest in the world. Any master mariner worthy of his salt, if properly briefed by a simple memorandum on the procedure and signaling, should be able to take his ship through. I have steered ships through Suez, and compared to, say, Hell Gate, Suez is a picnic.

G. DAVID GITKOV

Auke Bay, Alaska

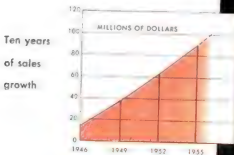
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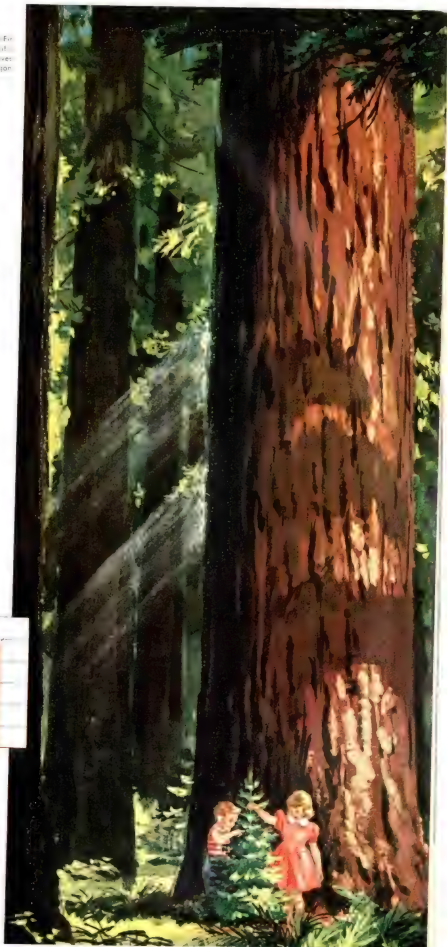


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TIME, OCTOBER 29, 1956

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

AMONG the incidental expenses of our Rome bureau this month were such exotic items as "orchids for Maria," "champagne and caviar for Maria" and "food for Maria's poodle." The object of this tender solicitude was Soprano Maria Meneghini Callas. Her benefactor: Correspondent George de Carvalho of the Rome bureau, who did the bulk of the reporting on this week's cover story, starting with the arrangements for the cover portrait by Artist Henry Koerner.

Actually Miss Callas gave far more than she received, though it took some striving. Her first dinner meeting with De Carvalho in Milan went smoothly enough. "Ask me anything," she said. Long after midnight the questions were still coming, the soprano was still going, and her husband was muttering to George: "Never heard her talk like

this to anyone before." But after another searching session at lunch the following day, Miss Callas cried enough.

That evening, after the dispatch of a dozen roses and a note ("American Beauties for an American beauty"), the talks were cordially resumed, and for two weeks flowers and interviews followed in nightly succession at the Callas home, restaurants, cafés and at recording sessions. Interspersed were interviews by De Carvalho and other TIME reporters in Italy and elsewhere with the singer's maids, masseuse, fitter, designer, critics, conductors, fellow singers, friends, foes and the chief of La Scala's clique, De Carvalho and his colleagues scoured Italy for leads. He flew 1,300 miles to Ankara to talk with Miss Callas' old singing teacher, thence to Athens for sessions with her mother and her Greek conservatory instructors.

But when all the returns were in, Pulitzer Prizewinner De Carvalho (he won it in 1952, when he was on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*) found he still had some gaps in his story. Wrung out, Miss Callas balked at yet another interview, but finally consented if De Carvalho would courier her poodle puppy Toy from Rome to Milan, which he did (*see cut*).

"You know more about me," said the world's top prima donna at the close of this last interview, "than my own family does."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



DE CARVALHO & TOY

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Society Brand Clothes



FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Warsaw v. Moscow

On the way home from the campaign swing along the West Coast, President Eisenhower was handed a Teletype report from Secretary of State John Foster Dulles about the latest development in Poland, where nationalist-minded Communist leaders were defying the edicts of Moscow (see FOREIGN NEWS). In Denver, the President studied fresh messages, made a brief airport speech, talked long-distance to Dulles, and instructed Press Secretary James Hagerty to issue a statement warmly sympathizing with traditional Polish yearning for liberty and independence.

All weekend, lights burned late at the State Department as Washington weighed the implications of the Polish move. It was the biggest moment of decision in the cold war since Khrushchev last spring tore down the Stalin image and conceded to Tito that alternate roads to "socialism" are possible. (It was the State Department that first published the Khrushchev text.) The pattern had already been set. The U.S., by backing up Tito when he first broke with the Kremlin, had launched its first major step in breaking up the Soviet empire eight years ago. President Eisenhower, by deciding to continue that aid last week, took another step in encouraging the Soviet satellites to demonstrate their independence.

To the State Department, the Polish attempt—which had been gathering momentum for weeks—seemed to be a vindication of Western policy. Whether the U.S. will now proffer aid to the Poles is still under consideration. As Secretary of State Dulles put it: "Anything which weakens this great structure of Soviet Communist power and leads to its breaking up" is in the interest of the United States.

Landing in Washington, President Eisenhower turned his attention to another facet of Moscow relations—a personal note to Ike from Premier Bulganin calling on the U.S. to join with Russia in bringing H-bomb tests to a halt (but making no mention of the U.S. insistence on safeguards). Ike was nettled because Moscow had published the text before he had seen it. He was angry because Bulganin noted that "certain prominent public figures in the United States"—i.e., Adlai Stevenson—had proposed a plan to stop H-bomb tests. And the President characterized as "personally offensive to me" a charge that



EISENHOWER & HAGERTY (RIGHT) CONFER IN DENVER
A new road?

Hank Walker—LIFE

Secretary of State Dulles had distorted recent Soviet atomic proposals.

In the stiffest diplomatic message of his Administration, the President charged Bulganin with a serious violation of international practices in which "you seem to impugn my own sincerity." By sending the note in the middle of an election campaign, he said, and especially by referring, by implication, to Stevenson's views on atomic testing, Bulganin had interfered in U.S. internal affairs in a way that, "if indulged in by an ambassador, would lead to his being declared *persona non grata*."

Rising Tide

On every side were signs of a rising Republican tide. New York Times surveyors, still making their way across the country, found Dwight Eisenhower leading in California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Colorado, gaining in a "close" Texas race, apparently out of the running only in Oklahoma. The Gallup poll reported Ike ahead with a 60% lead in a region embracing twelve northeastern states with 153 electoral votes; in 1952 he won 55.2% of the popular vote in those states.

Gallup found Ike down seven percentage points, but still holding a comfortable 53% in the region encompassing Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska,

North Dakota, South Dakota and Wisconsin. In the Illinois-Indiana-Michigan-Ohio region, Republican Eisenhower was reported up two percentage points to 58%. Local and state polls supported Gallup; e.g., second-week returns from the New York Daily News straw vote showed Ike with 60.8% in the state to Adlai's 39.2% (in overwhelmingly Democratic New York City, Eisenhower, incredibly, led by 51.2% to 48.8%). At Republican headquarters in Washington, National Chairman Leonard Hall, participating in an office pool, scribbled down his guess on Ike's electoral total: 375. And at Democratic headquarters a weary staffer said sadly: "There is a kind of lull in the campaign."

A few weeks ago the main hope of Democrats was that Democratic state and local candidates would pull Stevenson across the line by "reverse coattails." Now some of the state candidates are worrying lest Stevenson drag them backward into defeat. President Eisenhower has long been favored to win re-election—but not by the margins necessary to give coattail-hungry Republicans control of the House and the Senate. Last week the growing possibility of an Eisenhower landslide gave Republicans new hope for winning the desperate congressional struggle too.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN HOLLYWOOD BOWL
Slashing back.

THE CAMPAIGN

The H-Bomb Argument

After his defeat in 1952, Adlai Stevenson discovered that a good number of the nation's idealists, reformers and vocational do-gooders were still willing to beat a path to his door. Most of the grand designs got a polite brushoff. But one that caught Stevenson's eye was a proposal for the U.S. to halt its hydrogen-bomb tests. Over the months, Stevenson studied the proposition, deemed it worthy. Last April he advocated it publicly during his heated campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination. After that he became so preoccupied with the subject that his staffers began griping because he was always cloistered with "some scientists"—at the cost of paying attention to more mundane, but equally important, political chores.

During his West Coast campaign trip (TIME, Oct. 22) Stevenson again struck for an end to U.S. H-bomb tests. Somewhat to his surprise, the proposal received enthusiastic applause. Thus encouraged, Stevenson's professionally intellectual, politically amateurish advisers pushed their advantage, urging him to make the H-bomb his top campaign issue. Arguing against them in a top-level Chicago conference was Campaign Manager Jim Finnegan, a tough-minded political pro. Finnegan finally gave in on the ground that the H-bomb was "a way of talking about peace"—and peace was an issue that Finnegan was distressed to see the Republicans monopolizing. The strategy settled,

Caltech Geochemist Harrison Brown (who had argued against the H-bomb before the H-bomb was ever developed) flew into Chicago to give technical advice on a 30-minute Stevenson television speech.

Simple, Safe & Workable. Despite Brown's help, last week's thoughtful speech was distinctly Stevenson's own. He recalled that he proposed last April that the U.S. take the initiative "by announcing our willingness to stop these tests, 'calling upon other nations to follow our lead,' and making it clear that unless they did likewise we would have to resume our experiments too. That was my proposal. It was simple. It was safe. It was workable. And since that time both Russia and Great Britain have declared their willingness to join us in trying to establish that kind of policy..."

"Therefore, if elected President, I would count it the first order of business to follow up on the opportunity presented now by the other atomic powers. I would do this by conference or consultation—at whatever level—in whatever place—the circumstances might suggest. . . . If one of the other powers were to break its agreement, Stevenson argued, the U.S. could resume its hydrogen tests in "not more than eight weeks."

"A Valid Subject." On the television program with Adlai, heartily approving his ideas, was New Mexico's Senator Clinton Anderson, chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy (who had previously said he did not believe the U.S. should call off its tests). Also there was

Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington (he quickly changed the subject to the need for greater national defense). Public backing for Stevenson came from ten Caltech scientists (including Speech Adviser Harrison Brown). They were promptly rebuked by Caltech President Lee DuBridge for their "partisan stand." Sixty-two scientists from the Atomic Energy Commission's Brookhaven Laboratory edged in with a notation that the dangers of Strontium 90 were "a valid subject for further discussion and study"—as indeed they are.

For a few days the issue ballooned in the headlines, and President Eisenhower, after slashing back at Stevenson in his Portland and Hollywood Bowl speeches, announced that Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Defense Secretary Charles Wilson and Atomic Energy Commissioner Lewis Strauss would prepare a full-dress answer to Stevenson and explanation of the Administration's thermonuclear program. Although no one knew precisely how much new information they might bring to bear, some of the obvious answers were that Stevenson:

❑ Grossly exaggerated the dangers of fallout from H-bomb tests; the four-month-old, nonpolitical National Academy of Sciences report found that the radioactive fallout from hydrogen tests, if continued for the next 30 years at the rate of the last five, would amount to about one-thirtieth of the dose the average person would receive from routine X ray and fluoroscopic examinations. Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard Libby has said that even if tests were to continue at the present rate indefinitely, the quantity of radioactive Strontium 90 in humans might increase only to 64/1,000ths of the "maximum permissible concentration."

❑ Erred grievously in his claim that if the Russians violate the cease-fire, the U.S. can set up tests and get going within eight weeks; a major test requiring about two years' preparation, involves a task force of more than 10,000 scientists, technicians and military men, along with fabulously intricate and delicate instrumentation that changes from test to test.

❑ Missed the basic point of atomic weapons research: nuclear experimentation is in its infancy. To stop thermonuclear testing now would mean that scientists might not discover their mistakes until too late (some of the most profitable tests have been the fizzes), might miss a breakthrough to a whole new magnitude of nuclear understanding.

When Stevenson first broached his H-bomb proposal last April, he seemed to be arguing for unilateral U.S. action in halting tests. Last week he was talking about a treaty arrangement—without conditions beyond mutual promise to stop testing H-bombs. He found a ready taker for that sort of arrangement. In the United Nations, Chief Soviet Delegate Arkady Sobolev said Russia is ready to enter into an agreement for "an immediate halt" to the hydrogen tests—"without conditions." For years, the Russians had been arguing for nuclear disarmament—without conditions, Dwight Eisenhower,

and Harry Truman before him, have rejected the proposition. Reason: the U.S. insists on at least one condition, mutual inspection, that would make the Soviet word worth the paper it is written on.

Facts & Feathers

Once upon a time, Chicken-licken went into the woods to look for meat, and an acorn fell upon her poor head, so she cried: "The sky is falling down!" She told Hen-len who told Cock-lock, who told Duck-luck, who told Drake-lake, who told Goose-loose, who told Gander-lander, who told Turkey-lurkey. And on their way to tell the King, they met Fox-lox, who offered to take them to the Palace. Instead, he ate them all up. Moral: Use Your Head, Else a Fox May Pluck Your Feathers.

Once upon another time, Estes-lestes went into the woods in search of an issue, and the idea hit him in the head like a mighty H-bomb, so he naturally decided to tell everybody about it. As he stood before reporters, he told them, "The force from the explosion from a large hydrogen bomb is getting so stupendous and so dangerous that the maximum force available to us right now from a concussion of hydrogen bombs is . . . sufficient to blow the earth off its axis by 16 degrees, which would affect the seasons." The reporters asked him how was this so, and Estes-lestes told them that as chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Armed Services, he had learned that very fact. The reporters thought that this was just horsefeathers, so they told the people, and the people asked the scientists, and the scientists doubted this "very seriously," and said it is "incredible" and that there is nothing "within the realm of scientific fact that would substantiate such a statement." Moral: Use Your Head for the People Are Foxy and Know the Difference Between Facts and Feathers.

DEMOCRATS

"The Presidential Special"

Gone from Adlai Stevenson's 13-car train as it jounced through the bright-hued Midwest last week was the sign that had keyed the earlier stages of the Democratic campaign: "The Joe Smith Special." In its place was a brightly painted new one: "The Stevenson Presidential Special." The switch was symbolic, for the Democratic candidate, with less than three weeks to go before E-Day, had gotten about as much mileage as possible out of Joe Smith, well knew that it was time to stoke the campaign with all the burning issues he could find if he was ever going to reach the White House on time.

By Stevenson's lights this meant the H-bomb, the proposal to end the draft, a stepped-up attack on Nixon and a crackling criticism of the Eisenhower foreign policy. And as he whistle-stopped through Michigan and Ohio, hedgehopped into Kentucky and then flew in to Cincinnati, he worked these themes hard. In Michigan, in heavily industrial (and heavily unionized) Flint, nobody seemed to care much. Some 3,500 turned out to hear him call Nixon "shifty," "rash" and "inexperienced," a "man of many masks." (Tom Dewey had drawn 5,000 the night before.) The crowd in the one-third empty auditorium responded politely; although the words were harsh, Stevenson's manner was courteous.

"Frank Needs Help." Next day, as the "Presidential Special" purred into Ohio, independent-minded Governor Frank J. Lausche, who hasn't done any all-out campaigning for any other Democrat in years, heaved himself aboard, Lausche, running unnerfed, if not scared, for the Senate against Republican Incumbent George Bender, introduced Stevenson at each halt with gushing praise: "a great American," "a fearless man." Said a fellow Ohio Democrat of this unusual display of affection: "Frank needs help."

All day the crowds grew bigger, and Adlai, in his moderate voice, fed them strong words. He expanded his list of Republican demons to include Senator Bender, Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy, Indiana's Bill Jenner. He linked his demand for an end to H-bomb tests with his proposals to end the draft: "We don't want our boys to be drafted," he said at Akron, "We don't want to live in the shadow of the mushroom cloud." At Youngstown, before an enthusiastic crowd of more than 10,000, he devoted a full-dress speech to military manpower. The gist: the draft, with its rapid manpower turnover, is wasteful, needlessly expensive and unsuited to an "age of complex new weapons and new military needs." His suggested alternative: a corps of professional, highly trained technicians that young men would be encouraged to join freely by offers of high wages, special bonuses and other inducements to long service.

Ambition Accomplished. When the Stevenson entourage got to Cincinnati—after whirlwind forays into Lexington (where he talked through a drizzle) and Louisville (armory one-third empty)—it was delighted to sense real enthusiasm. Before an applauding (56 interruptions), highly partisan audience in Cincinnati's Music Hall, Stevenson delivered a major speech on foreign policy. "The Republican candidate" said he (obviously nettled because Eisenhower never refers to him by name) has been "misleading" the nation about success at Suez. The truth, he said, is that "in these past few months . . . the Communist rulers of Soviet Russia have accomplished a Russian ambition that the czars could never accomplish: Russian power and influence have moved into the Middle East."

Nowhere did Adlai's burning issues really start a signal fire. But if he was discouraged he did not show it. At week's end he said cheerily: "We know there's lots of things to get done, and come next January we're gonna start doing them."



CANDIDATE STEVENSON IN CINCINNATI'S MUSIC HALL
"We don't want to live in the shadow . . ."

Ed Clark—Lia

REPUBLICANS

Happy Traveler

Slumping softly onto the runway at Portland, Ore.'s International Airport one afternoon last week, the arriving *Columbine III* coincided with a meteorological shift to fair weather. A hard rain stopped, blue sky reappeared, and the sun peeked out over Portland. For hard-running Oregon Republicans, like their brothers in Minnesota, Washington, California and Colorado, the pulse-quickenings presence of Dwight Eisenhower made the political sun shine a little brighter, too.

Heartening G.O.P. cohorts in the West was precisely one of the reasons that had brought the President winging out from Washington on a five-day hedgehog that carried the *Columbine* into five states and logged for Ike another 5,850 campaign miles. In Minnesota, where 500,000 jammed his path during a 33-mile tour of Minneapolis and St. Paul, the President extended courtials to Republican gubernatorial Candidate Anchor Nelsen. Droning westward to the coast, he boosted Washington's Art Langlie and Oregon's Doug McKay, both hand-picked to run for the Senate, both lagging before Ike appeared on the horizon. In California the Eisenhower grin gleamed on Senator Tom Kuchel, and in Denver, during a 55-minute layover, the President stopped for Senate Candidate Dan Thornton.

November Choice. But Ike had come West also to speak—not in anger at a flailing opposition, but in anxiety lest the voters mistake the issues that were being raised. The Democrats seemed determined to make the draft and the H-bomb the issues on which they would win or lose. In that case, the U.S. had to understand its choice. In Portland's aging civic auditorium, he spelled it out: "Hard sense and experience versus pie-in-the-sky promises and wishful thinking."

As he hurried from state to embattled state, Ike presented other thoughts to ponder. Among them:

AGRICULTURE: "Some political orators—no doubt overly excited by the din of a campaign—actually have been saying that I am 'against' the little farmer—that I consider the farmer expendable—that I think the family farm is obsolete. What kind of drivel is this?"

INCOME: "They [the Democrats] express every American's concern for the plight of our low-income families. But they are careful not to mention that today's prosperity has reduced the number of such families to an alltime low."

FISCAL POLICY: "They promise lower federal taxes for every citizen, greater federal spending on virtually every front, and a beautifully balanced federal budget. I have called this phenomenon what it is: the biggest and most flamboyant three-for-one sale in recent American politics."

Happier Today. Only once in his tour did Ike find himself facing an unenthusiastic crowd. In the Los Angeles suburb of Burbank, the *Columbine* landed at the airport adjoining the Lockheed plant where the Presidential Super Constellation had

been built. Ike found the crowd of 25,000 sullenly impassive to his greeting. Lockheed's management had stopped work for the President's visit; the International Association of Machinists, representing the workers, had objected to the order as "pure politics," called it "a flat donation in excess of \$25,000" to the Republican Party. But elsewhere, the waving, shouting, confetti-tossing* multitudes acted like a tonic.

Pausing in Denver for his brief talk to 5,000 ranged at the airport to meet him,



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
CARDINAL SPELLMAN & NIXON
One last sweep.

the President reported "one thing on this trip has impressed me mightily. I am convinced America . . . is happier today than it was four years ago." So too last week was Candidate Dwight Eisenhower.

Beyond Politics

Swinging east, then south across the land last week in the waning warmth of Indian summer, Richard Nixon generated a waxing optimism. Alerted before his trip against meager crowds, the Vice President found audiences as fat in doubtful Buffalo as in secure Fort Wayne, Ind. Warned against hoots and hecklers, he heard in 9,000 miles three small choruses of boos. Of these, one was an impartial impoliteness that Yale undergrads had also extended to Adlai Stevenson (TIME, Oct. 15).

Swinging through Ohio to aid Incumbent Senator George Bender, through Indiana, New York and New England, the Vice President moved eventually into Manhattan to be principal speaker at Francis Cardinal Spellman's annual dinner honoring the memory of Al Smith. There Nixon sailed beyond politics to statesmanship, predicted to a banquetting 2,500: "Most of us here will live to see the day when American boys and girls shall sit, side by side, at any school—public or private—with no regard paid to the color of their

* In Portland two fragments of confetti lodged in Ike's left eye, left it sore and bloodshot for a day.

skin. Segregation, discrimination and prejudice have no place in America, and I can report to you tonight that men of good will in all sections of our land are working with complete devotion toward the day when the American ideal of equality of opportunity is a reality for all of our people."

In Baltimore one night later the Vice President returned angrily to the political fray, renewed attacks on Adlai Stevenson. At week's end, after eleven days and 14 states, Nixon arrived in Washington for 48 hours' rest before a final campaign assignment: one more sweep of the U.S. lasting right down to Election Day.

POLITICAL NOTES

Who's for Whom

¶ The New York Times, which endorsed Eisenhower in 1952, supported his reelection because 1) "there is much in the record of the Eisenhower Administration that is of real and lasting value," and 2) "it is a matter of major importance that the modernization of the Republican Party . . . be carried forward another stage under the leadership of Mr. Eisenhower."

¶ The Toledo Blade, pro-Ike in 1952, switched to Stevenson in its first endorsement of a Democratic presidential candidate in its 121-year history. The Arizona Daily Star made a similar switch. The Chicago Defender, leading Midwest Negro daily, declared for Stevenson, as it did in 1952.

¶ Mrs. Walter White, widow of the late executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and a 1952 Stevenson backer, declared for Ike. So did W. Lee ("Pappy") O'Daniel, 66, onetime (1939-41) Texas governor, U.S. Senator (1941-49), and lifetime states'-righter.

¶ Christianity Today, new interdenominational fortnightly, polled representative Protestant clergymen in all sections of the U.S. on their presidential preference. Results: Eisenhower 85%, Stevenson 11%, undecided 4%. Key reason given by ministers for Ike: "Personal stature."

STATISTICS

They Went That-a-way

The U.S. land of moving oratory, moving pictures and moving money, is also the land of moving people. Last week the Census Bureau proved it with an analysis of shifting population covering the period from 1950 to July 1, 1955.

Two New England states—Maine and Vermont—had an average population loss of 1.2%; Arkansas lost 5.6%; Mississippi, 2.1%. The highest percentage gains: Alaska, 62.5% (to a total of 209,000); Nevada, 47.1% (235,000); Arizona, 34.3% (1,007,000). California had the largest number of new residents: 2,375,000 (total: 12,061,000); New York was second, with 1,191,000 (total: 16,021,000); Texas third, with 1,037,000 (total: 8,478,000).

Only the residents of the Panama Canal Zone remained relatively in place—population: 53,000.

THE CONGRESS

New Faces of 1956

In U.S. politics, the thundering cannonade of the presidential campaign often drowns out the staccato rattle of small-



ROY L. MCFALL

arms fire along the front lines. Yet it is in the outcome of small, deadly skirmishes in the 435 U.S. congressional districts that control of the House of Representatives lies—and control of the House can make or break a presidential administration. In 1956, with both parties struggling desperately to control the House (the Democrats now have a 20-vote margin), Republicans and Democrats have come up with fresh, fascinating faces to run for congressional office—and to an astonishing degree the newcomers are involved in the closest House contests.

In district after district, rosy-cheeked freshmen are giving oldtimers the closest shaves of their lives. California's Eleventh



LEROY JOHNSON

District is a case in point. There, seven-term Republican Representative **Leroy Johnson**, 68, is hard pressed by 38-year-old Democratic State Assemblyman **John J. McFall**. Incumbent Johnson, World War I combat pilot, is running mostly on his House seniority and is reliving his long past ("I don't think they should have killed the League of Nations"). Challenger McFall is running on his own energies and ambitions, and like many another Democratic House candidate, is not depending on the national ticket's coattails. Says he: "I'll let Stevenson take care of Ike. I'm just talking about Johnson."

Similarly, Minnesota's scholarly, seven-term Republican Representative **Walter Judd**, 58, has been scared stiff by Democrat



JOSEPH ROBBIE

Joseph Robbie, a 40-year-old Hubert H. Humphrey type (right down to being, like Humphrey, an import from South Dakota). Although he still has the edge in the state's Fifth District, Walter Judd may have been hurt by the fact that many of his constituents were thrown out of work by a shutdown of the Minneapolis-Moline Co. farm-implement plant. In Missouri's Sixth District, Democratic Incumbent **William Hull Jr.**, 50, is threatened by Republican **Stanley I. Dale Jr.**, 35, who scored a remarkable upset when elected mayor of Democratic St. Joseph

in 1950 and another impressive victory when re-elected in 1954.

Even in the Democratic South, some relatively young Republicans are giving Democratic incumbents a rough go. In Georgia's Fifth District, Atlanta Lawyer

Randolph William Thrower, 43, former filling-station attendant, FBI agent and Marine captain, is close on the heels of arch-segregationist Representative **James C. Davis**, 61, who was Georgia's presidential nominee at the Democratic National Convention, and has since held carefully stacked House subcommittee hearings on integration in the District of Columbia's schools (TIME, Oct. 1). In Kentucky's Sixth District, Fayette County's Republican Sheriff **Wallace ("Wah Wah") Jones**, 30, is making headway against Democratic Incumbent **John Watts**, 54. Reason: Wah

Wah's reputation as a star on Kentucky's famously infamous 1948-49 basketball team.* In Virginia's hot "Fighting Ninth" District, Republican **William Wampler**, a Representative in 1952 at 26, defeated in 1954, is a strong challenger against Incumbent Democrat **William Pat Jennings**, 37.

In other bitterly fought battles, both parties have placed a premium on military-hero types. Michigan Republican **Charles Ernest ("Chuck") Chamberlain**, 39, skipped a subchaser in the Atlantic during World War II, is favored over scholarly Democratic Incumbent **Don**



ROBERT J. MCINTOSH

Hayworth, 58, in the state's Sixth District. Running for the seat vacated in Michigan's Seventh District by Republican Veteran **Jesse Wolcott**, retiring at 63, is G.O.P. Candidate **Robert J. McIntosh**, 34. Air Force fighter pilot, who flew 31 missions over Europe during World War II, was shot down four days after D-day, spent the summer of 1944 working with the French underground. McIntosh is rated neck and neck with Democrat **Ira Dean McCoy**, 67. Holding a narrow margin over Texas' only Republican incumbent, **Bruce Alger**, 38, onetime Princeton football center, is Dallas County District Attorney **Henry M. (for Menasco) Wade**, 41, who enlisted in the Navy as an apprentice seaman, rose to lieutenant j.g., served two years in the Pacific aboard the carrier **Hornet**. After one defeat (by 314 votes in 1954) by Republican **Frederic Coudert Jr.**, 58, in Manhattan's 17th Dis-

trict, Democrat **Anthony Akers**, 41, is counting on help from a fellow PT-boat skipper in the Pacific: Massachusetts' Senator **John Kennedy**.

The hero records were not all made in military service. Perhaps the most heroic

image of all is that of towering (6 ft. 4 1/2 in., 240 lbs.) **Paul Sutton**, 46, running against Republican **William Broomfield**, 34, in Michigan's 18th District. For ten years Sutton starred on the radio program **Sergeant Preston of the Yukon**. Even so, he is losing.

The most attractive new faces of 1956 belong to the ladies. In Florida's Sixth District, Mrs. **Dorothy Smith**, 39, is a 98-lb. dynamo in her race against Democratic Incumbent **Paul Rogers**, 35. She is conducting a Kefauver-type handshaking campaign, but says: "I hope I don't mumble like Kefauver." In Idaho's First District, Republican **Louise Shadduck**, 39, is just beginning to make progress against 50-year-old Incumbent Democrat

Gracie Post (pronounced, as in her 1952 campaign slogan, "Tie Your Vote to a Solid Post"). In the populous Sixth District of New Jersey, Republican Assemblywoman **Florence Dwyer** is a real threat to hardworking, young (36) Democratic Representative **Harrison ("Pete") Williams Jr.** And in West Virginia, Republican **Mary Elkins**, 53, wife of onetime (1919-25) Senator **Davis Elkins**, has an advantage over most House candidates in her race against Democratic Incumbent **Harley Staggers**, 49. A Washington socialite with a West Virginia address, Mrs. Elkins has only to pick up her telephone to bring into the district such leading Republicans as Vice President **Nixon**, Senate Republican Leader **William Knowland** and Secretary of Labor **James Mitchell**.

In the twists and turns of the nation's congressional-district politics, some of the newcomers will lose because of inexperience, others because of influences beyond their control, e.g., the presidential tides. But many will make the grade, and with the congressional races figuring as a toss-up, the U.S. House of Representatives will probably be controlled next year by the party that has managed to present the most attractive new faces to the district voters.



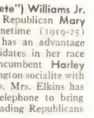
SMITH



CLIFF CRANE



LOUISE SHADDUCK



HARRISON WILLIAMS JR.



STANLEY I. DALE JR.

* Jones was one of the two honest members (the other: Cliff Barker) of the original five. Alex Goska, Ralph Beard and Dale Barnstable all admitted taking bribes to shave parlay points.

HEROES

The Ditching

Pan American Stratocruiser Flight 943 winged smoothly through the night sky, confident in its aloneness, all but oblivious to the black Pacific four miles below. It was 3:20 a.m., and inside the cabin, each of the 31 passengers sought sleep according to his station—first-class passengers in berths, tourist passengers crunched up in reclining seats. Suddenly a shrieking squeal drowned the silence, and the airplane swooped roughly. The passengers bolted awake. "Ladies and gentlemen," crackled the cabin loudspeaker, "this is Captain Ogg. We have an emergency. Our No. 1 engine is uncontrolled. A ditching at sea is likely. We have a Coast Guard cutter nearby that is able to render assistance. There is no cause for alarm."

Quietly, two stewardesses and a purser went to work, pointed out the escape

During the long wait for daylight, he switched the seat-belt sign off, told his passengers to light their cigarettes, relax. The conditions for ditching, he assured them, were "ideal." The water temperature was 74°, the sea calm.

They waited in silence. Three passengers dozed. A stewardess jokingly offered to pass out the magazines. A passenger wanted to know when breakfast would be served. Everybody laughed.

Now it was daylight. At 8:04 a.m. Ogg announced: ten minutes. Then, one minute. The passengers braced. Ogg carefully aimed the big Boeing Stratocruiser for a strip of white fire-fighting foam that *Pontchartrain* had laid to aid the pilot's depth perception. He kissed the plane onto the hard waves, touching gently at first. Then it bounced hard, whipped around violently as an engine tore loose, snapped in two. Quickly the crew discharged and inflated the life rafts. The passengers

"disciplinary action": one high-ranking marine officer received a fitness report with unsatisfactory marks for "judgment and loyalty"; others were similarly threatened. One wife was told by a major that it would be better for her husband's career if she left. Some reluctant officers were summarily transferred to Okinawa, where the U.S. can control entry of dependents. Reported one marine wife: "The morale of the Corps has sunk to the lowest level I've seen in my 13 years."

The day after a shipload of dependents departed for the U.S., Commandant Pate stepped off his plane in Tokyo, his wife on his arm. In one hand he held a statement which in effect proved that he stood firmly on both sides of the question. "I must make it plain," he announced, "that I realize that neither I nor any other military man has the authority to order dependents to return to the U.S. I have the right however . . . to expect that



PASSENGERS OF FLIGHT 943 SET OUT IN LIFE RAFTS
Saved by the wizardry of Ogg.

Internal-aad

hatches, explained the ditching procedure (fasten safety belts securely, rest head on pillow on the knees, cross wrists behind legs, grasp each ankle from the front). Passengers discarded their shoes (the women took off stockings so they would not slip if they had to walk on a wing), got rid of sharp objects (e.g., fountain pens, tie clasps), shouldered their way into life jackets. One woman tore the crucifix from her rosary, kept the beads.

In the cockpit, too, there was calm. Then six minutes after the trouble began, another engine—No. 4—choked to a stop. With both outboard engines out of commission, Captain Ogg knew for certain now that he could not make the 1,000 miles to San Francisco—that he would have to ditch. Rather than dump gas and risk a night landing, he decided to wait till daylight and let the plane exhaust its heavy fuel load. He so notified the Coast Guard weather-watch cutter, *Pontchartrain*, some comfortable ten miles to the west. *Pontchartrain's* skipper, Commander William K. Earle, radioed the best course (330°) for ditching into the running swell, and the time of sunrise (7:22 a.m.). Captain Ogg easily homed on the *Pontchartrain*, managed to hold his altitude at 2,000 ft. while he circled her.

waded cautiously through the cabin rubble, hopped into the rafts. Within ten minutes after the Stratocruiser struck water *Pontchartrain's* small boats had picked up all survivors—only five were slightly injured and deposited them, snuggled into blankets, aboard the cutter. Eleven minutes later, what was left of the Stratocruiser disappeared in the foam.

ARMED FORCES

Semper Fi

Normally it can be said of the U.S. marines in peacetime that their wives have tender gripes. But there was nothing normal last week about the bitter feelings of the members of the ready-for-action Fleet Marine Force and their wives and children stationed in and around Japan—except for the profound hope that the imminent arrival of Marine Commandant Randolph McCall Pate would bring relief from their painful problem. The problem: on prodding from Washington, Force headquarters had turned on the pressure to get marines to send home all dependents who had come to Japan on long-term visas, i.e., some 500 wives and children.

For those marines who had ignored the pressure, there were threats of severe

[marines] will loyally do their utmost to carry out my announced policy."

Two days later 71 marine wives and children set sail from Yokohama aboard another Navy transport. On the dock, a G.I. band played *I Love You Truly* and the *Marine Corps Hymn*. From the upper decks, the wives waved, blew kisses, wept. As the ship got ready to sail, the passengers suddenly unfurled paper signs: "Pate's Paupers," "Love, Cherish and Be Transferred," "Un-American," "Shame-haired." The most cutting of all was a sign emblazoned with the abbreviation of the Marine slogan, "Semper Fi": next to it was a picture of what Americans in ordure-treasure Asia called a "honey bucket."

CALIFORNIA

The Nice Guy

Even in the heat of a political campaign, most Californians agree, U.S. Senator Thomas Henry Kuchel (rhymes with treacle) is a nice guy. Affable, earnest, courteous—Tommy Kuchel is all of those and more. Last week the principal reason for Dwight Eisenhower's trip to Los Angeles was to lend a needed helping hand to Kuchel's re-election campaign. Yet, after Ike landed, Nice Guy Kuchel was so nice

that he let another Republican, ebullient, shoulder-thumping Governor Goodwin J. Knight, elbow him out of the limelight.

On the ride from the airport to Ike's Beverly Hills hotel, Goodie Knight, who is not running for anything this year, rode in the open convertible with the President and waved to the bystanders. Kuchel rode in a closed car behind. Later, a little wistfully, Kuchel said: "I was terribly pleased today. Coming from the airport, I heard some people shout my name."

That night at the smog-shrouded Hollywood Bowl, Tommy Kuchel was to introduce the President to a crowd of 22,000 whooping, happy Republicans. But Goodie said that, as governor, that was his privilege. So Kuchel introduced Knight; Goodie introduced the President. In the course of his speech, Ike said he hoped all Republican candidates for Congress would be elected, including Senator Kuchel.

Meanwhile, back in the hustings, Kuchel's opponent, New-Dealing State Senator Richard Richards, was vigorously slashing away. A tireless, fast-talking campaigner who looks like Hollywood's idea of a fast-rising young politician, the 39-year-old Richards has built up his popularity by handshaking his way eight times from the Mexican border to Oregon. He smoothly tailors his extemporaneous talks to the needs of the occasion, e.g. before a Los Angeles luncheon club, he blasted Republican foreign policy; in a pitch for the Portuguese-American vote, he urged upward revision of McCarran-Walter Act immigration quotas; before a San Francisco Bay Negro organization, he attacked Kuchel for voting for Senator James Eastland's confirmation as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee (a routine vote on organization of the Senate).

In reply, Kuchel whose political patrons include such big names as Chief Justice Earl Warren and Senate Minority Leader William Knowland, has merely pointed to his record as a hard-working, honest public servant (state assemblyman, state controller, U.S. Senator). If California voters decide on the basis of talk, Dick Richards has a good chance. If they decide on performance, Nice Guy Tommy Kuchel will go back to Washington.

OREGON

Born to Be Enemies

Jaunty little (5 ft. 7 in., 155 lbs.) Doug McKay, born poor of pioneer Oregon stock, often says of his boyhood that he was 16 before he learned that underwear could be made of something besides flour sacks. Trim (5 ft. 10½, 162 lbs.), Wisconsin-born Wayne Morse was more sophisticated; his fondest memory of youth is lapping up liberal philosophy "at the feet of the great Robert La Follette Sr." McKay is, and will continue to be, a devout Republican. Morse is a Republican turned Independent turned Democrat. Fitted at each other in the fiercest of the 35 Senate races this year, 63-year-old Doug McKay—ex-Interior Secretary and Dwight Eisenhower's personal choice as a challenger—and incumbent Wayne Morse,



Jon Brenneis—LIFE
REPUBLICAN McKay & PROSPECTS
For ladies, a surefire recipe.

56, are hurtling toward Nov. 6, and what is probably the nation's most spectacular collision of political personalities.

McKay was a successful Salem Chevrolet dealer, served two terms (1940-53) as one of Oregon's best governors. Morse was a brilliant dean of the University of Oregon School of Law. McKay bows to no man in his devotion to Dwight Eisenhower ("the greatest President in history"). Morse bows to no man in his hatred of Eisenhower ("the most dangerous man who has been in the White House"). McKay is a fumbling public speaker ("The issues aren't important in this election; it's the votes")—but he has no peer at mixing, on first-name terms, with plain folks. Morse is a distinguished,

if pedagogic, orator ("My duty, as I see it, is to translate moral values into legislation")—but he is probably the coldest baby-kisser in U.S. politics. McKay's eyes twinkle with warm humor. Morse's gleam with the zeal of a prophet.

"That's Not News." Whether in the lumber camps of Willowa County or the fishing settlements along the McKenzie, Wayne Morse is working with tireless, effective energy. Arising as early as 4 a.m., he looks worn and grey as he steps forth, topcoat collar turned up, hat pulled down, into the morning mists. But he sheds his years as the day progresses. "I," he cries in martyrdom, "am the man who has been marked for a purge by the Eisenhower Administration." Instead of discussing issues, he complains. Doug McKay is merely telling everyone who'll listen how much he hates Wayne Morse. "That's not news, McKay hated me when we were both Republicans." The basic question in the campaign, he thunders, is "whether more voters love me than hate me."

Doug McKay, on the other hand, leaves his audiences unmoved as he races through his formal speeches (Once, after finishing a prepared speech, he looked up and said: "And now may I add a few words of my own"). He is at his best in a country store, passing out campaign cards with the wry reminder: "I'm out of a job, you know." At political coffee hours in the homes of friendly Republicans, his smiling wife Mahel passes out angel-food cake recipes while Doug attacks Wayne Morse ("that fellow has gone back on his word so many times that nobody can trust him") and reminisces about his Oregon youth ("The only reading matter we had was the St. Helens *Sentinel-Mist*, the Bible and the Sears, Roebuck catalogue"). Glowed a recent convert to McKay's cause: "Just look at old Doug—the second Cabinet member* Oregon's ever had, and he's cornier than ever."

Familiar Chant. In Oregon this year, Democratic registration has moved ahead of Republican. Wayne Morse has strong financial support from COPE, the political arm of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., and labor, as rarely before, is organizing the precincts on Morse's behalf. Moreover, Democrat Morse has a break on the issues: (1) because of the nationwide slowdown in home building, Oregon's billion-dollar lumber business has slacked off; (2) because of lower farm prices, Eastern Oregon's big-business wheat farmers are pouting; and (3) even though private enterprise already is hard at work on a power project in the Hell's Canyon area, a recent power shortage has allowed Morse to sing his "Government can do it better" chant with some effectiveness. Doug McKay's campaign is well-heeled. He has the almost unanimous editorial backing of Oregon's influential newspapers. And all through the state, he is sparking a wondrous revival of Republican precinct organization. But most political observers thought last week that McKay was still trailing Morse.



Jon Brenneis—LIFE
DEMOCRAT MORSE
For babies, a cold kisser.

* The first: George Henry Williams, who served as Attorney General under President Grant.

EISENHOWER

In war or politics, a kinship with millions

WHEREVER the President went, with his leathery grin, his vigorous talk, he was met by friendly people. "Well hi . . . Why, hello there . . . Yes thanks, I'm feeling fine." He kept up a constant chatter as he waved to big crowds in city streets and small crowds at country crossroads, changing pace to drop his upraised hands and bow gently from the waist to a group of nuns, or stopping solemnly to salute the colors of a high-school band. Nowhere was there a hail-the-conquering-hero quality to the welcome; everywhere the setting was warm, relaxed, assured, befitting the national mood that the President, more than anyone else, has created. "I am often asked," he said in Pittsburgh, "what is the difference between this country now and in 1952? . . . It is this . . . We are just happier. We are just a happier nation."

By last week the magic kinship between Ike and the campaign crowds was hardly news, for the story could only be reported in round numbers, and the numbers rolled on from Peoria to Pittsburgh, from St. Paul to Portland. They rolled on just as they had in other years when the kinship was military, the numbers were millions, and the place names were London, Bizerte, Palermo, Salerno, Normandy and Bastogne. Probably no man in public life today has touched so many people in so many different ways as Dwight David Eisenhower. Yet, strangely, it is the sum total of Dwight Eisenhower's 66 years that is still news in election year 1956, for in his role of President-Candidate he is so completely absorbed and absorbing that the thousands who see and cheer him tend to forget that he ever really played any other.

The Boy in Wild Bill's Town

Whatever Ike is and whatever Ike may yet become derives from his boyhood in the Abilene, Kans. of the 1890s. Ike and his brothers were taught to be mindful of their parents and their Bibles ("there was nothing sad about their religion"). The youngsters played tag on the barn roof and dared one another to lean over the edge, fished lazily for catfish in Mud Creek and the Smoky Hill River, fanned imaginary sixshooters in the style of Abilene's old Marshal Wild Bill Hickok, who had journeyed away to his death in Deadwood not 30 years before. One October evening after school Ike nobly bore the honor of Abilene's South Side through a classic two-hour fistfight against Wesley Merrifield, champion of the more prosperous North Side. The fight ended in a draw. "Ike," gasped Wes, "I can't lick you." "Well, Wes," said Ike grimly, "I haven't licked you."

In Abilene, Ike made his first money selling homegrown vegetables (tomatoes were 5¢ a pound), and when he got his first job pulling ice, loading wagons and firing furnaces in the Belle Springs Creamery (working his way up to night foreman), his friends made their headquarters there, drawn to Ike by qualities they still describe as "horse sense" and "keen sense of humor." In 1910, suddenly conscious of his own aimlessness, Ike heeded a friend's advice and took an examination for Annapolis and West Point. (The Navy lost a future admiral because he was eight months too old for the Naval Academy.) In June 1911 he reported for duty. "Eisenhower from Kansas, sir," thus consigning his frontier exuberance to the stern mold of discipline of the Point.

There, so said one of his instructors, Ike was "a not uncommon type." He moved through four years from 57th out of 212 to 61st out of 164, accumulating demerits for such offenses as "using profanity at supper" and "violation of orders with reference to dancing," e.g., doing the turkey trot. On the football field, Ike became a star halfback who once downed Jim Thorpe ("We really stopped him—hard") and might have made All-America had he not wrenched his knee.

On Graduation Day, June 12, 1915, Ike was no less inspired than any of his comrades as he sang the West Point hymn:

*The Corps! Bareheaded salute it,
With eyes up, thanking our God . . .*

When Ike moved on to his first infantry posts and training schools during World War I he began to pick up a reputation as a disciplinarian. Around the age when he courted and married Mamie Geneva Doud, a slender girl with violet eyes (the Douds' maid was provoked one day when "Mr. I-Something" kept calling every 15 minutes), he was finding a new confidence that led him on to command, at 27, the tank training center at Camp Colt, Pa. But soon after Christmas 1920 their first child, Doud Dwight ("Icky"), died of scarlet fever when he was only three. Ike stumbled out of the hospital room blind with grief, and Mamie, close to a breakdown, lost something of her vitality which she did not recover for years.

The Siege of Fort Leavenworth

With a new zeal that bordered on perfectionism, Ike threw himself anew into soldiering. Serving nearly three years (1922-24) in Panama with a little-known man of fire, Brigadier General Fox Conner, Ike did such a stringent job as executive officer that many of his juniors have neither forgotten nor forgiven. In his spare hours he buried himself in extracurricular study of maps, charts and treatises of the great historical campaigns prescribed by his mentor Fox Conner. Night after night (Mamie went home to Denver to have another child—son John) the intense young major and the spark-eyed general debated and deliberated about command in wartime. "When we go into [the next] war," said Conner to Ike, "it will be in company with allies. Leaders will have to learn how to overcome nationalistic considerations. Systems of single command will have to be worked out."

History lay on Major Eisenhower as he packed his bags and moved on to the Army's famed Command and General Staff school at Fort Leavenworth. Never before had he slogged so hard, and in the summer of 1926 Ike graduated at the top of the class of 275 of the most promising officers of the U.S. Army. Two years later he graduated at the top of the Army War College, too. After the siege of Fort Leavenworth was won, there was a grand celebration at the Hotel Muchlebach in Kansas City, with Ike roaring out *Casey Jones* and *Abdul the Bulbul Amerer* and receiving a note of congratulation from another officer upon whom the hand of history lay. The Command and General Staff school must be good, opined Major George Smith Patton Jr., if "A he-man can come out No. 1."

Through the next 13 years, history moved on through hyper-normalcy, depression and isolation while Hitler rose, taunting, to turn Europe into a horror of fear. Eisenhower, born one year after Hitler, remained a major through the Army's lean, hungry years. Much of this time Ike was a staff officer in the War Department learning the beginning of statecraft—inter-service and interclique. For four years (1935-39) he served in the Philippines as senior aide to Douglas MacArthur, and there he learned something of Filipino politics and a lot about how to control his frustration when MacArthur (whom Ike admired for his military thinking, disliked for his dramatics) pigeonholed his repeated requests to serve with troops. Throughout, Ike kept at his studying. Finally he was promoted to Fort Lewis, Wash., as executive officer of the 15th Infantry Regiment, was promoted to chief of staff of the IX Corps with the temporary rank of full colonel.

Pegged as a comer, Ike was yanked away to serve as chief of staff to General Walter Krueger's Third Army in the big Louisiana Maneuvers in the fall of 1941. There he handled the

movements of 270,000 men so brilliantly that the rival Second Army was "annihilated" (except George Patton, who turned up with a force of Second Army tanks in Eisenhower's rear). This stunning victory opened the eyes of Chief of Staff George Catlett Marshall, and soon Ike began moving surefootedly upward through the stars of generalship. Right after Pearl Harbor, Marshall made him assistant chief of war plans, then chief, then ordered Ike to draw up an organization plan for the European Theater. So well was it drawn that, on Marshall's urging, Franklin Roosevelt reached far down through the ranks to appoint Ike the ETO's Commander in Chief.

On the eve of North Africa, the soldier with iron in his soul showed something of the gee-whiz of Abilene. "I have operational command of Gibraltar," he wrote, "the symbol of the solidity of the British Empire—the hallmark of safety and security at home. . . I simply must have a grandchild or I'll never have the fun of telling this when I'm fishing, grey-bearded, on the bank of a quiet bayou in the deep south."

The Calm Before Normandy

During the 30 famous months that followed, Eisenhower led the armies, navies and air forces of the allied nations to victory over Germany. Around him there gathered an amazing array of talent, e.g., Montgomery in his beret and sweater, heir to Wellington; Patton with his pearl-handled pistols, heir to Sheridan. Ike was their adjudicator, their catalyst, their guide. Around Ike, too, there hung the thunderclap pronouncements and tangled hunches of Roosevelt and Churchill; Ike was their simplifier, their interpolator, their acknowledged authority on the spot. "I have not devised any plan on the basis of what individual or what nation gets the glory," the Supreme Commander rasped among allies one day, "for there is no glory in war worth the blood it costs."

Spreading outward from Ike across sandscapes in North Africa, across olive groves in Italy and hedgerows in Normandy, 3,000,000 Americans advanced according to Ike's plans (Glenn Miller records on beat-up phonographs; hands and toes frozen cold in open vehicles; letters from home in the snow and the sun), always learning—like Ike—how to do better next time. Humiliated at Kasserine Pass, Ike shouldered full personal responsibility, insisting to the doubtful and the critical that the green would learn but that the duds must go. "For God's sake," he wrote furiously to a comrade, "don't keep anybody around of whom you say to yourself 'He may get by.' He won't! Throw him out!"

As the big outfit shook down, Ike learned how to take his tremendous decisions with calm. On the night of D-minus-one, Sicily, he went for a walk along a lonely beach in Malta, lighted by the moon and whipped by the wind, fingering three good-luck coins. In June 1944, Ike heeded the dour warnings of the meteorologists and held back the Normandy invasion for 24 hours; at 0400 on D-minus-one the meteorologists reported "a gleam of hope"—24 to 36 hours of fair weather to be followed by high winds and rough seas. Quietly, Ike sat there, forbearing to pace up and down, his face tense and drawn in the silence. At last he looked up, the tension gone. "Well," he said briskly, "we'll go."

That day Ike moved quietly among the paratroopers of the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions as they mustered about their C-47s, blackfaced, ready to go. There were those on Ike's staff who had used the word "murder" about Ike's decision to drop the airborne into uncertain weather, but now Ike was there: "Where are you from, son? What did you do back home? Anyone here from Kansas?" One Texan paratrooper perked up his morale by offering the Supreme Commander a job on a ranch after the war; Ike perked up his own morale by kidding with another paratrooper about the blackface camouflage of cocoa and linseed oil—"Taste good?" "Damn good!" Only when the laden men boarded the C-47s and headed into the night did Ike lose his composure, blinking his eyes fast, swallowing hard, but still waving and shouting, "Good luck—Godspeed!"

And that evening with the paratroopers irretrievably bound for triumph or murder or both, Ike lay on his bed

reading a western until word came through that most of the landings were "unbelievably successful."

When the campaign was over (short of Berlin, not in it) it was Ike who best expressed the meanings in his Guildhall speech in London. "To preserve his freedom . . . a Londoner will fight. So will a citizen of Abilene." And as he looked one way across the rubble at the Soviets and the other way to Mamie and home, Ike finished World War II as he had fought it, in total tune with his men. "Aside from disappointment in being unable to solve in clean-cut fashion some of the nagging problems," he wrote, "I just plain miss my family."

While Harry Truman was in Germany for the Potsdam Conference, he offered to help Ike win "the presidency in 1948." But Ike firmly declined. He came home to become Army chief of staff and to get an acrid noseful of the seamier side of statecraft when he fought for interservice unification. He did not want any political post, he snapped angrily to a reporter in 1946, "from dogcatcher to Grand High Supreme King of the Universe." But the following year he wrote to his old chief of staff Bedell Smith more thoughtfully: "I do not believe that you or I or anyone else has the right to state, categorically, that he will not perform any duty that his country might demand of him. . . Nathan Hale accepted the order to serve as a spy with extreme reluctance and distaste. Nevertheless he did so serve."

But the process took time and it was well for the bogged-down U.S. that Ike was working out his own political philosophy and amassing some more civilian and diplomatic qualifications. From his job as president of Columbia University (1943-50) President Truman recalled him to command and to fuse the forces of NATO, the heart of U.S. and Western European foreign policy. There Ike began to hear the mounting summons of Republicans and independents ("What a mess our blessed nation is in," the dying Senator Vandenberg had cried, adding hopefully, "Thank God for Eisenhower") urging him to come home and run.

The Urge to Complete

The next step came in January 1952 when Ike let it be known that he was available for a draft. Then he had to learn the hard way that his duty lay within the democratic procedure of competing and campaigning; he also had to suffer the election campaign doubts of those who feared that he might be, after all, a glad-hander, a straddler, a man who could be led around, or swayed by the plaudits of the crowd. But when, after nomination and election, the prospective Eisenhower Cabinet approved the draft of his inaugural speech somewhat unenthusiastically, Ike said sharply: "I read it far more for your blue pencils than for your applause."

Increasingly and almost imperceptibly Ike has become and is becoming less the briefed and more the briefer; always he is developing new interests, new knowledge, about the kaleidoscopic facets of his job. As of now, for example, he is fascinated by the electoral mechanism of democracy at the precinct level; as of now, Ike, aware that his party is as short on expounding its theory as it is long on pragmatic accomplishment, is prodding and stimulating the thinkers of dynamic conservatism, specifically including himself. "It is what I do," he says of all his energies and activities. "I always put everything I have got into what I do."

One night last week Ike paced the living room of his eleventh-floor suite in the Olympic Hotel in Seattle; outside the skies were dark; the rain was beating against the windows. It had been a long and tiring day—33 miles motorcading through the boom and bustle of Minneapolis and St. Paul, both arms waving in the wind and the sun; then 1,400 miles by plane across sweeping prairies and snowcapped mountains to the slate-grey shores of Puget Sound—but he was still vibrantly awake as he talked to a visitor about what he had seen and felt that day.

Suddenly Dwight Eisenhower, a man who has come hard and come far and is still coming on, summed up the past and the promise. "Why do I want a second term?" he asked. "I want it for one real reason. I want to finish what I've started."

FOREIGN NEWS

POLAND

Sovereignty or Death

Like a great fissure in the earth's surface, a crack opened wide last week in Russia's Communist empire. The place was Poland, and the explosive force that erupted there was a submerged allegiance that runs deeper than Communism: patriotism.

What took place in six tense hours in Warsaw last week was an open defiance of the Kremlin, not by the oppressed people of Poland, but by their Communist rulers,

to the Poles they have always been the *Rosjanie*—the Russians. Though often overrun, cut up and reduced, the Poles—even Polish Communists—have never yielded the intense belief that they are a nation, separate and sovereign.

That passion stirred the small ruling group that gathered at 10 a.m. sharp one rainy morning last week in the cream-colored building of the Council of Ministers on Warsaw's Stalin Avenue. This was the inner council, the Central Committee of the Polish United Workers' (Communist) Party. They had two important

ers (sometimes posthumously) who had once defied Stalin. He had permitted "liberalization" of Communism's harsh rule, and when this liberalization had produced not gratitude but open resistance at Poznan, the Kremlin leadership had shown in the Poznan trials that it feared to return to repression. Perhaps Khrushchev could no longer control the forces he had unleashed. The time had come to find out, and the Polish Communists had found the man to make the test.

His name was Gomulka. He was medium-sized, bald and wiry, a resistance leader in World War II and a dedicated Marxist. Even after Stalin arrested him, he refused to crack, and it was said that in prison he confounded his inquisitors with his superior dialectical skill. Released from custody last April and now living quietly with his wife in the suburb of Prazda, the bitter-remembered Gomulka had refused reinstatement by the back door.

The Polish Communists had to move fast. The Soviet Central Committee had recently circulated a letter to all satellites, warning them that the Russians were still the top directors of world Communism. Bulganin had recently warned the Poles in person against the Marxist heresy of "nationalist peculiarities." Khrushchev's surprise visit to Tito last month was evidence that a Kremlin reaction to liberalization had set in. The Poles decided to bring Gomulka in quickly by the front door.

Ready for Action. They did not expect to get away with it easily. Quietly, they told the Security Police that a *coup d'état* might be expected, and put in command General Wacław Komar, an old Gomulka comrade, who had himself been arrested for Titoism. Regional and district party leaders were alerted, arms put within reach of their party members. Before the Central Committee meeting it was arranged that workers in large factories should be prepared to stay on the job overnight and be ready for action. Students, enthusiastic supporters of "democratization," were brought together in rallies, fed patriotic speeches and given resolutions to approve. The resolutions were framed in the usual Marxist doubletalk, except for one thing—the insistent frequency of the word "sovereignty."

These preparations did not escape the notice of the Soviet secret police. The Soviet-offered Polish army began moving into positions around Warsaw and other key centers. Taxed with responsibility for these movements, just before the Central Committee meeting, Marshal Rokossovsky shrugged his broad shoulders and insisted urbanely that his troops were simply "returning from maneuvers." So far, both sides were wary. But, as the Central Committee gathered in session, Party Secretary Edward Ochab had sensational news to report: Khrushchev himself—accompanied by Mikoyan, Molotov and Kaganovich—had just landed at the Warsaw airport.



John Phillips

POLAND'S COMMUNIST BOSS WLADYSLAW GOMULKA

"Every country has the right to be sovereign and independent."

who in an anxious testing moment acted as Poles first and dutiful Communists second. And for the first time in eleven hard years of Communist rule, these Communist rulers—tough, unloved Marxists—found themselves national heroes to the Poles.

Their defiance of Moscow was the biggest internal shock the Communists have received since Tito's breakaway in 1948. In many respects what the Polish Communists did was a greater act of courage than Tito's, for Tito when he defied Stalin had control of his own country and of its armed forces. The Polish leaders did not. They had only the passion of an idea, and the knowledge that in this, at least, they might count on the backing of their people.

Always the *Rosjanie*. In its thousand years of history Poland has been many times dominated from the East. Out of the eastern steppe have come barbaric conquerors, feudal overlords, religious crusaders, imperialists and Communists, but

items on their agenda. The first was to reinstate in the party hierarchy Władysław Gomułka, 51, onetime party leader who, because he had refused to castigate Tito, had been disgraced and imprisoned by Stalin. The second item was more audacious: a motion to expel Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, famed Polish-born Soviet soldier who had acted as Stalin's (and Khrushchev's) proconsul in Poland since 1949.

This was independence with a vengeance. The Kremlin's new leaders might be willing to bend with the times, to grant the satellites some easements in order to make their own control more secure. But now the Poles were asking them to loosen their tight hold on Poland. Of course, the Russians would not do so willingly; but perhaps they would have to. In making his submission to Tito, Khrushchev had acknowledged that there could be "other roads to socialism." He had, at Tito's urging, rehabilitated satellite lead-

Tubby Nikita Khrushchev and his party got into limousines and headed for Belvedere Palace, the now empty former residency of Polish kings. The Poles adjourned their meeting, and Ochab, Gomulka and a group from the Central Committee went over to see the Russians. To underscore the seriousness of the new situation, trailing along behind Khrushchev was egg-head Ivan Konev, commander in chief of the Warsaw Pact forces.

Khrushchev was in a towering rage. Brushing aside Gomulka's hand, he called him "a traitor" and launched into the attack, his stubby arms flailing, his ruddy face the color of borsch. "I will show you what the road to Socialism looks like!" he said. "If you don't obey, we'll crush you! We are going to use force to kill any uprising in this country. . . . Russian soldiers were slain on this ground. . . . We will never permit this country to be sold to the Americans and the Zionists."

This was the crucial moment. Party Secretary Ochab spoke up: "Don't think you can keep us here and start a putsch outside. Our party and our workers have been warned, and they are ready. If you do not halt your troop movements immediately, we will walk out of here and break off all contact."

Time to Talk. The Russians decided to reason with the Poles, and for the next 18 hours the windows of Belvedere Palace burned bright. Meanwhile, the loyal Polish Security forces doubled the guard at the Warsaw radio station. According to reports, General Komar, facing Rokossovsky's army at one point, indicated a line and threatened to fire on any soldier crossing it. A column of Russian tanks was reported driving into Poland from East Germany, and truckloads of army troops were seen moving fast over provincial roads. At Stettin a Russian detachment which attempted to force an entry into Poland was fired on by Komar's

men and withdrew. There were sharp brushes at other points, but it was evident that the word had not yet come from Marshal Konev to "crush" Poland.

By early morning Russians and Poles were still far from agreement, but it was agreed that a delegation from the Polish Political Bureau would continue discussions in Moscow. In the first light of dawn the Russians drove out to the airport. The last to bid Khrushchev farewell before he entered the plane for the return trip to Moscow was Gomulka. "Oh, Comrade Khrushchev," he said, "I almost forgot to shake hands."

As the Polish leaders went back to the Ministers building to take up their agenda, Warsaw woke to a new day unaware of anything that had happened. There had yet been no public mention of the Russians' sudden arrivals and departures.

Riding the Tiger. Poland had won the first round because its Communist leaders



EX-PARTY SECRETARY OCHAB
A crucial threat.

shchev's departure. Gomulka launched an attack on the Russian position. Speaking reasonably and calmly, he defined his differences sharply. "Every country has the right to be sovereign and independent. I would say it begins to be so. In the Soviet Union the place of discussion within the party has been taken by the cult of personality. In such conditions how could the relations between the People's Democracies and the Soviet Union be based on the principle of equality?"

As for the future, said Gomulka: "It is not enough to change the people in the government to improve the situation. It is necessary to make changes in the system of government. All bad parts in our model of socialism must be exchanged for better ones." Some of the parts Gomulka would change: a strengthening of the co-operative movement, "private enterprise" to help out the lagging building industry, revision of the collectivized farm system. Gomulka pledged a general election on Dec. 16, at which Poles would not only have "the right to cast votes," but would also be in a position "to elect." The Polish parliament, said Gomulka, "must control the functioning of the government and state organs."

But despite all of these promises, Gomulka remained a Communist: the party must be "compact and monolithic," and it must lead. "We shall allow nobody to exploit the process of democratization against socialism," and once the Polish leadership is accepted as Russia's equal, it would "present a resolute opposition to the whispering campaign aimed at weakening our friendship with the Soviet Union." He indicated that if the Kremlin accepted Poland's "sovereignty," collaboration in "equality" was still possible. In short, Poles might hope to be rid of the Russians, but not of the Communists.

The model for Gomulka's independent Communist state of Poland appeared to



MARSHAL ROKOSSOVSKY
An urbane reply.

had secured control of the Security Police—a startling departure on the old Stalinist order of things—and had avoided being arrested or, in Ochab's words, becoming the victims of a putsch. But their real strength lay in the Polish people. After eleven years of Soviet domination and destitution the Poles, at a word from Gomulka, would have joyfully flung themselves into bloody battle with their masters. In this struggle it is doubtful if the Russians could have relied on Rokossovsky's Polish army or even on Soviet troops in the area. Such an upheaval, spreading westward to East Germany, or eastward to the Ukraine, might shake the Russian empire to its roots. It was a risk Khrushchev could not take, and the Poles knew it.

The Polish leaders could not yield this advantage without putting themselves at Khrushchev's dubious mercy. They too were riding a tiger. The day after Khrush-



GENERAL KOMAR
A marked line.

be not Tito's Yugoslavia but Mao's Red China. The Polish press has recently been full of praise of the way Communism "works" in China. And Foreign Minister Chou En-lai, meeting Ochab at Peking last month, said that he understood Poland's "distaste at being dictated to on everything," and encouraged the then Polish party secretary to go ahead with his efforts to obtain internal independence. As for Tito, his condemnation of the Poznan riots last June and his failure to give the Poles encouragement now, indicated to the Poles that for the present, at least, he was a Khrushchev man. The comforting thing in this pattern of events for the West was that, though Stalin's empire was fragmenting into Communist, rather than democratic states, the Communist fragments were showing a capacity for deep and lasting divisions.

Gomulka had spoken out as the country's leader of party and state, and with something of the old authoritarian voice he had used in the three years before his downfall. But he was not yet a member of the top party hierarchy. In taking up the agenda after Khrushchev's departure, the Central Committee had to consider that, while Khrushchev had insisted that Rokossovsky remain, the nature of Gomulka's speech made it impossible for both to serve on the same panel. It was either Gomulka or Rokossovsky. Gomulka's speech was also, in effect, notice that once in power he planned to expel all the old Stalinists and rebuild the party from the top down. The possible Soviet reaction to a Gomulka clean sweep was not something the Polish Central Committee could take lightly. It took them, in fact, twelve hours to make up their minds. Their decision: to make Gomulka First

Secretary of the party and to throw out Marshal Rokossovsky and three Deputy Premiers.

The Political Bureau was reduced to nine members. Still in the top jobs were Gomulka backers Alexander Zawadzki, chairman of the Council of State, Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz, Security Minister Roman Zambrowski and stouthearted Edward Ochab, who stepped down as First Secretary to make way for Gomulka.

For the moment, Gomulka had control of the Polish apparatus, but his difficulties were not over. Would a simple change to a Polish-style Communism satisfy Poland's restless millions? The day might come when Gomulka would need the Kremlin's help as badly as he now needed to defy it. This awareness lay behind his offer of a continued collaboration with Moscow. But could Nikita Khrushchev accept Gomulka's cooperation on these terms? Khrushchev by his hasty flight to Warsaw had staked his own prestige on the event, and had suffered a rebuff.

Now began a contest of wills and a testing of strength. For Moscow, it involved a weighing of the advantages and the dangers to be had by joining battle or grudgingly accepting the new situation. It was the old Communist game of power, delicate but also deadly.

THE SATELLITES

Sudden & Dangerous

The effect of Poland's assertion of independence echoed through the satellites despite the gingerly coverage by satellite radio stations. But the most curious reception was in Tito's Yugoslavia. There, old hands at this kind of intrigue took careful note of the appearance of Molotov and

Kaganovich in Warsaw beside Khrushchev and Mikoyan, and of the fact that the Red army, obviously concerned about its supply line to East Germany, was backing Khrushchev. Whatever differences there were in the top Soviet leadership, the Kremlin men apparently felt the need of standing together now. While developments in Poland bore out Tito's forecast that the "democratization" movement in the satellites could not be halted, one of his top aides expressed the opinion that "sudden changes can be dangerous." Some Yugoslavs thought the time had come for President Tito to make clear at long last just where he himself stood in relation to Khrushchev.

Of late, Khrushchev's method of meeting demands for "democratization" in lesser satellites has been to urge them to clear their programs with the cautious Tito. Delegations from the Communist Parties of Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary have checked in at Belgrade during the last two weeks. A delegation from East Germany is expected. But in Czechoslovakia, sensitive neighbor to Poland, Khrushchev decided on direct intervention. To head off a Polish-type independence move there, a 13-man Soviet delegation, led by one of Comrade Khrushchev's top aides, arrived in Prague last week to "study the life and work of the Czechoslovak party," i.e., to make sure Moscow kept control of the secret police.

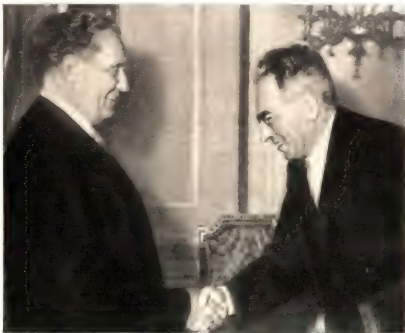
The most critical area for Khrushchev outside of Poland is Communist Hungary, where a wave of unrest has swept through the universities and schools. Students have been demanding an end to Russian language classes and compulsory courses in Marxism, more freedom and better living conditions. At one university last week 3,000 students quit their Communist youth organization to form an independent group. As in Poland, local Communist organizations appeared to be behind some of the student agitation, though cautioning them against street demonstrations. At this precarious moment, appropriately, Hungary's new party boss, Erno Gero, turned up in Belgrade to seek Comrade Tito's advice.

JAPAN

Friday in Moscow

One bitter, sleety day in Moscow last week, as ailing Japanese Premier Hatoyama climbed gingerly into a Soviet limousine, he asked the Russian chauffeur: "Is the weather a bad omen for the talks?" Cracked the chauffeur: "You know the Russian proverb: 'Rain on Saturday, laughter the following Friday.'" But the following Friday, as 73-year-old Premier Hatoyama sat down with Russia's Premier Bulganin to sign an agreement to "end the state of war" between Japan and the Soviet Union, only the Russians were laughing.

In World War II, by issuing a formal declaration of war one week before Japan yielded to U.S. arms and the atom bomb, the Russians justified their seizure of South Sakhalin, the Kurils and other Japanese islands. By holding the islands



TITO & HUNGARY'S GERO
Why speak Russian any longer?

Associated Press

and delaying peace talks, they kept themselves in a strong bargaining position for eleven years. Last month the Russians decided that the time had come to strike a bargain with the Japanese, hinted that if Premier Hatoyama dropped in at Moscow's Spiridonovka Palace, he might hear something to his advantage about the island territories. Hatoyama, who needs such a political victory to keep his Liberal-Democratic government from falling apart, had hopes that the Russians might yield, not Sakhalin or all the Kuril Islands, but at least Habomai and Shikotan off Hokkaido, which Russia last year promised to return.

Accompanied by his wife, a nurse (carrying a wheelchair) and his foreign-affairs brain, Ichiro Kono, aging Hatoyama hobbled out of his plane at Moscow airport, smiled gratefully as white-bearded Premier Bulganin took him firmly by the arm to help him down. Hatoyama was obviously flattered by the imposing list of Soviet notables attending the conference: "Some of their biggest men," said Ambassador Matsumoto. The visits began with banquets too rich for Japanese stomachs ("Oh, if they'd only cut the servings in half," muttered Mrs. Hatoyama), accompanied by toasts to the glories of Japanese culture. But in the long private sessions with Khrushchev, neither water, tea nor cigarettes were provided; it was long, cold bargaining.

Ending a phony "state of war" apparently did not mean peace in Russian terms. Moscow was willing to exchange ambassadors with Japan, ratify the long-outstanding fisheries pact, put trade relations "on a friendly basis," and even repatriate 1,000 Japanese prisoners (the Japanese insist that the Russians have an additional 10,000 Japanese P.W.s). Russia promised to hand over the Habomai and Shikotan islands "at the conclusion of the peace treaty," a date that Russia can postpone as she wishes. The only real political concession the Russians were prepared to make was not to veto Japan's next bid for U.N. membership but the wily Bulganin later took some of the gilt off this piece of gingerbread by telling newsmen at an embassy party that he "couldn't guarantee that some other country might not veto Japan in the U.N."

GREAT BRITAIN

A New Head

During the past two years, Britain has had four Ministers of Defense. Last week a fifth took the job. Out went wealthy lawyer Sir Walter Monckton, a brilliant negotiator as Churchill's postwar Labor Minister but no great shakes at Defense. He has been in ill health, and will be given the sinecure job of Paymaster General.

As new Defense Minister, Anthony Eden appointed ex-Soldier Antony Henry Head, 50, who has been War Secretary for the past five years. Head has recently been under an avalanche of criticism in the press for his frenzied calling up of some 20,000 reserves on short notice. In the first angry moment of the Suez crisis, the



HUSSEIN & ABU NUWAR
Striped pants to emphasize the gravity.

Front Scherschel—Life

regular army was too sprawled out and disorganized to provide a real threat to Egypt's Colonel Nasser.

This initial unreadiness of British arms has not yet been made the political issue it may some day become in Britain. "I never thought the British would use force," Egypt's Nasser told TIME last week. "I have good intelligence, and I knew they weren't ready."

MIDDLE EAST

The Three Vultures

The Suez crisis disappeared from the headlines without having been solved. Its ill effects, however, which would reverberate for months to come, sounded most loudly last week not in Egypt itself but in Jordan, the most vulnerable vacuum in the Middle East. It was election time in the hatchet-shaped Hashemite kingdom of Jordan at a most unpropitious moment.

In the old city of Jerusalem white cloth banners covered with sprawling Arabic letters hung over every street, flapping incongruously against ancient masonry. From improvised platforms in the coffeehouses of Amman and a dozen other towns, impassioned speakers harangued attentive crowds.

Picking the Bones. Jordan has been racked by political instability ever since her anti-Baghdad Pact riots of 1955 and the expulsion of Britain's famed Soldier Glubb Pasha last March. "Jordan," said one Western observer not long ago, "is dying, and there are three vultures waiting to pick her bones." Hovering closest of all was Israel, which four times in the last month has sent regular army units smashing into Jordan on bloody "retaliatory raids" whose only logical purpose seemed to be to hasten Jordan's disintegration.

Fearful that Israel was contemplating all-out attack and dismayed by the evident inferiority of his army, Jordan's 20-

year-old King Hussein turned for aid to the second of the three vultures—Iraq. Iraq, which has long dreamed of extending her borders, was willing to send troops into Jordan as long as they did not have to serve under the King's inexperienced young general, Abu Nuwar. Britain too would rather see Jordan dominated by Iraq, Britain's strongest remaining Middle Eastern ally, than by the third vulture—Nasser's Egypt.

Israel, however, had no intention of allowing Jordan to fall into Iraqi hands. If Iraqi troops enter Jordan, warned Israel's Premier David Ben-Gurion pointedly, "Israel will reserve freedom of action." In the inflamed and credulous Middle East there were many who thought war was about to break out.

At this point, Britain's chargé d'affaires (wearing striped pants and cutaway to emphasize the gravity of the occasion) sternly informed Israeli Foreign Minister Golda Meir that "any act of hostility against Jordan by Israel will automatically bring the Anglo-Jordan Treaty into play." To show that Britain meant business, the R.A.F. last week moved four of its fast new Hawker jets to Amman.

Israel's warning had its effect, however. The Jordanian government announced that "for the time being" Iraqi troops would not come in.

A Deaf Ear. Though the threat of war had temporarily diminished, his British allies continued to do their best to convince King Hussein that this was no time for Jordan to be holding elections. Hussein, whose overriding objective is to maintain his popularity with his mercurial subjects, turned a deaf ear to these appeals. Said he: "The elections will be held," and at week's end they were, in an atmosphere of surprising calmness.

One reason for the unexpected lack of disorder—Jordan's last elections cost 40 lives—was the virtual unanimity of the

144 candidates for the 40 seats in Jordan's lower house of Parliament. Though 76 of the candidates called themselves independents and the remainder were put forward by seven different parties, their programs were almost all the same. They were all against "aggressive Israel," imperialism and Western influence.

"No Reservations." Though the Communist party is technically outlawed, the runaway victor for Jerusalem's one Christian seat was Communist Dr. Yacub Zehedine, who won on his personality as much as his politics. One of Jerusalem's two Moslem seats was easily carried by the rabidly anti-Western cousin of the onetime Mufti of Jerusalem. Whatever Jordanian government emerged from the election was bound to be anti-Western. The question was whether it would be blindly enough anti-Western to break off

ALGERIA

Floating Catch

Trailed by two French submarines, discreetly watched by cruising French aircraft, the rusty white 400-tonner with the chipped smokestack never had a chance. As she zigzagged into Algerian waters last week a French destroyer escort hole in sight, ordered her to heave to. Said the French commander, peeping under the hatches: "A floating arsenal." When the old vessel's contraband cargo was laid out on the quay at Mers-el-Kebir, the French army found sufficient mortars, machine guns, rifles and pistols to equip 3,000 guerrillas.

More important to the French than the arrest of the arms runners was the identification of the arms suppliers. The name of the ship was the *Athos*, a former Canadian

"win by political intrigue and international maneuvers what they could not gain by military action."

At week's end, Egypt admitted that the *Athos* had indeed sailed from Alexandria harbor a fortnight earlier, but denied supplying the arms because "the international situation does not permit Egypt to deprive itself of modern armaments." The French, feeling at last that they now had a case against Nasser, were considering taking the *Athos* case to the U.N. Security Council.

SICILY

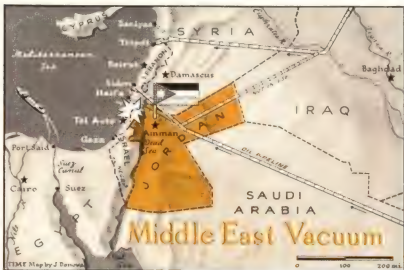
The Avenging Angel

"Two men died that night, and three families are thrown into desolation," said a swarthy Sicilian with set lips one day last week, "but it was a crime of honor, and, praise God, honor is a word still held sacred in Sicily." "Where there is no honor," said his companion in solemn agreement, "there is chaos."

Tucked in a narrow gorge of the mountains some 13 miles from Palermo, the little town of Borgetto knows chaos aplenty when the summer droughts end and the mountain waters, slimy and grey, go rolling and boiling over the cobbles of its main street, the Way of the Deluge, threatening homes and crops alike. But whatever else may suffer in Borgetto, honor—particularly a maid's honor—is sacrosanct. No man may fall victim to the lure of dark eyes in a Sicilian village without the certainty of reaping his reward in death or marriage, and the maiden who talks with a man on the street from her chamber window and then lets him stroll out of her life will never find another, for the neighbors will ever after know her as *sfrontata*, a shameless one.

A Peep at the Window. No one, perhaps, in all Borgetto knew these things better than Antonina, the dark-eyed daughter of grizzled Angelo Polizzi, though she was only twelve years old. In a darkened room Antonina gazed in agony at the drawn slats on her window evening after evening as handsome young Giuseppe Pellerito strolled by on the Way of the Deluge. Were it not for her testy old father, the two might well have looked forward to marriage any spring, but Angelo had laid down the law: Giuseppe at 18 was too old for his daughter. Knowing this, Antonina knew too that even so much as a peep through her window slats would be like a signature on her Giuseppe's death warrant.

But in Sicily love, like honor, is a potent force, and one night when the larks were still in the mountains overhead and the dew was heavy on the cyclamen, Antonina lowered a note from her window on a long, silken cord. On it was written the single word "Giuseppe." Giuseppe received it on bended knee, unable to move for sheer adoration. The following Sunday, when Antonina's mother went to awaken her daughter, she found her gone. "Those two young doves," said a villager as he told of it later, "had



Jordan's alliance with Britain in favor of a tie with Egypt—a course advocated by veteran Amman Politico Suleiman Nabulsi, who many Jordanians believe will be their next Premier. Says Nabulsi: "We have no reservations about Nasser. He is the symbol of the Arab awakening."

Harrow-educated King Hussein, Arab nationalist though he is, would almost certainly fight any move to abrogate the Anglo-Jordan Treaty. His reasons: 1) the Jordanian government could not function without the \$25 million annual subsidy which it gets from Britain, and there is little likelihood that Egypt or Saudi Arabia would make up the difference; 2) the fact that Britain is treaty-bound to come to Jordan's defense provides greater protection against an all-out Israeli attack than any agreement Jordan might make with the Arab states.

The logic of Hussein's position was compelling, but logic is not the loudest voice these days in Jordan's tumultuous streets, filled as they are with bitter and revengeful Palestine refugees, who make up a third of Jordan's population. In the end the real winner of this week's election seems likely to be the third culture.

minesweeper under Sudanese registry. Her captain produced two passports, one Greek, the other Costa Rican. Seven out of her crew of ten were unregistered and looked as if they might be Algerians. After lengthy interrogation of captain and crew, the French triumphantly announced that the *Athos* had been loaded in Alexandria by uniformed Egyptian soldiers. The French government asked the Egyptian ambassador for an explanation.

The capture of the *Athos* came at a propitious moment for Premier Guy Mollet's government, which is facing intense criticism for its policy in Algeria. Claiming that his tough tactics had beaten the rebels and put them on the run, Algerian Minister Robert Lacoste last week told the National Assembly: "Without the aid of arms that they get from across the frontiers of the east and west, or by sea, their situation would be tragic." Lacoste hinted at what the guerrillas may have planned to do with the *Athos* arms: "The rebels would be happy if they could seize the city [of Algiers] for 24 hours. Then they could say the French are no longer masters in Algeria."

Now, said Lacoste, the rebels must

Here's Good News:

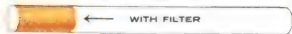


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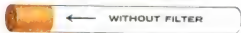


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flown." That afternoon when the doves had returned, irate father Polizzi haled Giuseppe Pellerito and his father Salvatore before a court of local elders in the butcher shop for the kind of arbitration known locally as *ragionamento*, a reasoning-out.

Twelve Shots in a Shop. "The Pelleritos have brought witnesses with them, I see," the girl's father told the court, "but alas I need no witnesses. The whole village knows what has happened to my daughter. I demand that Giuseppe marry her." Like Giuseppe himself, Borgetto's elders were all in favor of such a simple solution, but father Pellerito, still chafing over the fact that Polizzi once thought his son not good enough, held out. Hot words followed, until at last Pellerito blurted, "Your Antonina made my son lose his head." "You mean my daughter seduced your son? My little girl seduced your great lout?" screamed father Polizzi, purple with rage. He whipped out a fat revolver and fired twelve shots.

When a *carabiniere* came at last, Salvatore Pellerito lay dead across the marble stand where meat was sold, one of his witnesses lay riddled with bullets in the doorway, Giuseppe and the other witness were bleeding in the street, and Angelo Polizzi, the avenging angel, had fled to the fortresslike mountains. All week long the law officers searched for him, but the only help they got from the citizens of Borgetto was a snort of contempt. "He is a victim of honor's law, and without honor, there would be no Sicily and no Sicilians," said one old shepherd. "We would become just like other people." And with these words, he spat in the *carabiniere's* face.

WEST GERMANY

Military "Realism"

In old Munich there was a butcher named Strauss who bought poultry from a breeder named Heinrich Himmler. Opposite the Strauss butchershop, at No. 50 Schellingstrasse, Heinrich Hoffmann owned a photographic shop; a frequent visitor was a pale man with a wispy mustache named Adolf Hitler, who wore a trench coat and nervously slapped his boots with a dog whip. A goggle-eyed witness of the spectacular rise of Hitler, Himmler & Co. was the butcher's stocky son, Franz Josef. Catching his son distributing Nazi propaganda one day, Butcher Strauss, a staunch Catholic, gave the boy a thrashing right there in the Schellingstrasse. Said Franz Josef Strauss, recalling the incident recently: "That was my first experience in politics. I've never been able to get away from politics since."

Last week Franz Josef Strauss, 41, no Nazi but a veteran of Bavarian beer-hall politics in his own right, became West Germany's new Minister of Defense. He got his job from old Konrad Adenauer—but he is a symbol of the kind of Germany that will replace Adenauer's Germany. He is also a symbol of the kind of military thinking that Konrad Adenauer once stood resolutely against.

The Tiger Tank. Like a great many other Germans, Defense Minister Strauss learned about armies the hard way. The butcher's son dodged the early Nazi draft by entering Munich University, where he topped the examination lists, joined a Catholic students' organization and brawled with young Nazis. When the call-up for World War II came in 1939, he talked himself out of the infantry ("Because I don't like walking") and into the artillery. He was almost court-martialed for calling his uniform a *Klüfelter* (a childish masquerade). But he served in Poland, France, Russia, and at the Battle of Stalingrad he led his platoon out of encirclement, fighting a rearguard action for 50 miles.

Taken prisoner by the U.S. Army at war's end, he spent a couple of months in



Edo Koenig—Black Star
DEFENSE MINISTER STRAUSS
There'll be some changes made.

a P.W. camp before being appointed a top county official in Schongau by the American Military Government. He took naturally to politics. He advocated uniting Catholics and Protestants into a political party, ultimately founded the Christian Socialist Union in Schongau and was one of the founders of the greater Bavarian C.S.U. Elected to the West German Bundestag in 1949, he charged onto the national scene like a Tiger tank on the rampage.

A heavy-set man (5 ft. 9 in., 205 lbs.) with a powerful chest and wide shoulders, he walks with the stiff gait of a Bavarian peasant. His eyes are small and blue, and his head is square and massive, with thick, dark blond hair. "He has the manners of the Munich Tal," says Free Democrat Leader Thomas Dehler (the Tal is Munich's slum district). But inside Franz Josef Strauss's square head is a fast-thinking brain gifted with a photographic memory. His bachelor apartment near Bonn, his office and his automobile are jam-packed with books, which he reads

voraciously and from which he can often quote whole pages of text. He is probably the best extempore speaker in Germany today, and he rates as the German politician with the biggest future.

The New Army. Franz Josef Strauss first caught the eye of Chancellor Adenauer in the 1952 EDC debate, when he made an eloquent appeal for acceptance of Adenauer's policy of Western alliance. But when Adenauer made him a Cabinet Minister Without Portfolio, Strauss immediately launched a vigorous attack on the new German army "with democratic safeguards" proposed by Theodor Blank, an ex-trade unionist who was made Defense Minister precisely because he was anti-militarist. A year ago, though still a man Adenauer had doubts about, Strauss became Minister for Atomic Affairs and deputy chairman of the West German Defense Council. He was in a fine position to wage war against Blank.

Strauss made no secret of the kind of Bundeswehr he thought West Germany should have, and it was a far cry from the postwar dream of Konrad Adenauer and the other "good Europeans." Strauss wanted an efficient fighting force with the accent on air force armed with tactical atomic weapons—even though Germany had by treaty renounced the right to atomic weapons. He wanted the army to be as independent as possible, because he felt that the NATO strategy was not in Germany's best interests. He advocated a defense plan which would assign German troops to the defense of Germany, not Paris, London and points West. He wanted immediate revival of the German armaments industry which, in his conception, would not only produce weapons for German use but for export to other parts of the world (e.g., the Middle East). He thought that conscription should be postponed as long as possible, not only for political reasons but in the interests of military efficiency. In short, Herr Strauss demanded a national German army of professional soldiers.

Imposition of an 18-month draft at a time when other nations were cutting back their armed forces was political poison in Germany. Adenauer saw his chance to beat a retreat when he got wind of the so-called "Radford Plan." In the garbled and sensational version that appeared in the German press, Radford was proposing to cut down on military manpower by accentuating atomic weapons. "So, if the Americans are going to do it," said Adenauer, "then we must follow."

Invited to present his case to the Cabinet, Strauss laid down three conditions for taking the Defense Ministry: 1) that NATO be told West Germany will not meet its commitments under the Paris accords (66,000 men under arms by Dec. 31); 2) that he be given Cabinet backing for an atomic tactical weapons program which will first draw on allied sources for atomic warheads, bombers and high-altitude interception devices, gradually transfer atomic production to German industry; 3) that there must be a complete overhaul of the Defense Ministry.



QUEEN JULIANA, PRINCESS BEATRIX & THE TUBMANS
The host was notable for his absence.

©Amphoto

and the establishment of a military planning group, tantamount to a German general staff.

Much will depend on how the NATO allies receive Defense Minister Strauss when he calls on them next week to ask for atomic weapons in place of the conscripts Germany promised to deliver.

Mad as a Bull

Uneasy lies the head of any man who finds himself billed as Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's successor. As soon as word leaked out that aristocratic Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano would be made Vice Chancellor as well (TIME, Oct. 22), German newspapers burst forth with headlines and editorials hailing Brentano as the "crown prince." The 80-year-old Adenauer saw red. He summoned Brentano, who, in happy anticipation of receiving the new honor, left a sickbed and journeyed 100 miles. Instead the old Chancellor wanted to talk of other things, then casually let fall that he had decided that he could not spare his present Vice Chancellor, Franz Blücher. Next day Adenauer went down to a radio station to tape a speech for broadcasting later. Unaware that the tape recorder was already running as he chatted, Adenauer was heard confiding to his press chief: "Brentano is mad as a bull!"

THE NETHERLANDS

Widening Rift

The Dutch royal family were miles apart last week. Queen Juliana, struggling to maintain a gracious smile after entertaining Liberia's visiting President Tubman in The Hague, took off for a vacation in Sicily with a few of her ladies-in-waiting. Her husband, globe-trotting Prince Bernhard, after elephant hunting in Tanganyika, arrived in the U.S. for a visit to Washington, New Orleans and New York.

But it was the awareness of a deeper separation that made news in Holland last week. For the first time, the people of The Netherlands seemed to have abandoned their hope that the royal crisis would disappear if they just pretended not to notice; for the first time, Dutch editors clamored specifically and vociferously for drastic government action to clear up that mess in Soestdijk Palace.

The sudden explosion of indignation in press and public was sparked by a story in London's garish *Sunday Pictorial*, a newspaper which seldom earns such international attention. A *Pictorial* reporter had been given a lift in a limousine into The Hague, and had thereby "become the confidant of a man closer to the Queen than almost anyone else." According to the reporter, the man who gave him the ride told of a plot, designed with the connivance of Prince Bernhard's 72-year-old German mother, Princess Armgard, to force Queen Juliana off the throne. "Lies about the Queen's private life," said the man, "are being spread in a deliberate and nasty way with but one aim—to put Princess Beatrix [the eldest daughter of Juliana and Bernhard] on the throne, with her father and her paternal grandmother at her side." A quick check on the registration number of his automobile, said the *Pictorial*, revealed the man to be none other than Johann G. van Maasdiijk, board chairman of the firm that publishes the influential *De Telegraaf*, and a palace chamberlain "in extraordinary service" to the Queen.

Admitting only that he had given the British newsmen a lift, Van Maasdiijk promptly denied the rest of the story. But whether the *Pictorial* spoke the truth or not, declared the potent *Het Vrije Volk*, the whole thing was "a shameful affair which shows the necessity not only of being in earnest about changes at the court but also of making haste."

FRANCE

Dishonorable Discharge

It was as if the proudest Daughters of the American Revolution had suddenly been told that their ancestors were all spies in the pay of George III. "It doesn't make the slightest difference whether a great family took part in the Crusades or not," said aristocratic Count Emmanuel de Las Cases. "It is still a great family." But very few French aristocrats were able last week to put so brave a front on the matter. The fact was that the patrician pedigrees of 250 aristocratic families had just had a great fall.

In the year 1839, the Orléans "Citizen King," Louis Philippe, anxious to curry favor with his nation's snootier aristocrats, who generally held a low opinion of him, offered to display the armorial bearings of anyone able to provide proof of an ancestor who had fought in the Crusades. Within a year Versailles was overflowing with applicants, all of whom bore ancient documents to attest their claims.

It was a curious fact that virtually all of the newer documents were records of loans made by the Lombard bankers of Italy to Crusaders passing through—and all were unearthed by the same genealogist, one Henri Courtois. But if these facts caused any doubts to arise, they were promptly quelled by the further fact that the greatest medievalist in France, Director Léon Lacabane of the Ecole des Chartes, authenticated each one.

Two years ago a young medievalist named Robert-Henri Bautier found occasion to examine some of Genealogist Courtois' documents more closely. With government help, he turned microscopes and ultraviolet rays on the moldy old parchments, only to discover that the ink and the writing on them was of a date far later than the parchments themselves. Wanting to be sure, Bautier enlisted the aid of police, archivists and other scholars, and set out in search of further knowledge of Genealogist Courtois. Last week, in the silent, august chamber of L'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, Scholar Bautier announced his findings: Henri Courtois, a onetime notary's clerk and one of the shadiest characters of the 19th century, had done a land-office business in the faking of ancient documents,⁶ exacting a fee of 40,000 gold francs (\$100,000) apiece for his services. All 250 of the documents which he had produced for submission to King Louis Philippe were forgeries.

NOBILITY MARKET CRASHES headlined one Parisian newspaper. "It's only normal," said Robert-Henri Bautier as cries of anguish from France's patricians poured in from every side, "that they refuse to believe us."

⁶ One graduate of Courtois' fake-factory, a celebrated forger named Vrain-Lucas, later went into business for himself, and managed to convince some of France's finest scholars of the authenticity of hasty notes from Cleopatra to Caesar, Alexander to Aristotle and Lazarus to St. Peter, despite the fact that they were written in Old French.

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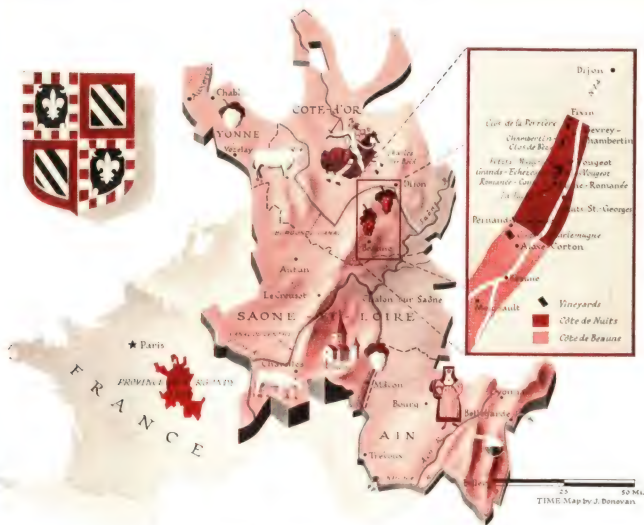
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BURGUNDY

The Purple Harvest Comes In

THE morning fog lifted. All along the Côte d'Or, the gorgeous Golden Slope of vineyards that tints eastern France for 30 miles, the autumn sun heamed warm rays on the deserted towns. Except for a pair of black-clad grandmothers gossiping on the cobblestones and a couple of overalled, rubber-booted winegrowers closing a deal over a jug of Burgundy in the Café de la Côte d'Or, everybody in Nuits-St. Georges (pop. 3,600)—men, women and children, the schoolmaster and even the curé—was out harvesting the new vintage in the heart of France's Burgundy.

"To speak of Burgundy," say the French, "is to speak of wine." The bulk of Burgundy's wine flows to the tables of Lyon, Paris and the world from the high-yielding southern slopes of Beaujolais. But the best of Burgundy, the lordly, full-bodied, velvet reds that made Rabelais shout "How good of God to give us of this juice!", the wines that George Meredith called "the best that man can drink," come only from a 12,000-acre belt of tiny plots stretching in either direction from Nuits-St. Georges along the Golden Slope.

There last week, as fast as they could fill their boat-shaped baskets with the honeycombs of tiny black Pinot grapes, the harvesters spilled them into mule-drawn carts. At Montrachet

—whose wine, said Dumas, "ought to be drunk kneeling, with head bared"—around Beaune, at Meursault, Romanée-Conti, Vougeot and Gevrey-Chambertin—each hillside as famous in France as any of Napoleon's battlefields, it was the same. Off went the grapes, the best first, to be pressed in cellars at the foot of each small field. From the vats within these reeking temples of Bacchus rose the sibilance of juice astir in natural ferment. Once again began the special miracle which the mysteries of soil, sun, slopes and ancestral skills have annually brought to pass in Burgundy since the Romans first planted grapes on the Golden Slope. André Noblet, red-faced cellar-master of the Romanée-Conti vineyards, whose 4½ acres produce the world's most prized red wine (\$11.57 a bottle for the 1953), sniffed, sampled and thanked heaven for at least three weeks of sunshine after the coldest summer in decades. Said André: "1956 is likely to be a small year—but almost half the wine's quality is in the work, and we shall nurse ours as we would our children."

Of the finest wines, produced from severely pruned vines, there can never be great quantities. The sad fact was, however, that a vine-killing winter and a rainy, grape-thwarting summer had turned 1956 into a bad year for all western Europe's



BERGUNDIAN MANOR HOUSE is the only country seat built in 17th century, the City de la Ferté in France. It is the only house in the world that has been built in the 17th century and is still standing.



STONE WALLS mark boundaries of three famous Burgundy vineyards: Clos Vougeot (near); Petit-Musigny (center); Grand-



MEURSAULT VINEYARDS, producing dry white wines, were first planted during Roman occupation after Clovis's conquest of Gaul. Small plots, sold by only one owner for different seasons, whose methods result in vintages that vary greatly in quality.





Echézeaux (*right*). Castle was built by 16th century owners, Cistercian monks, whose wines were presented by church to rulers of Europe.



CHAMBERTIN-CLOS DE BÈZE, at Gevrey-Chambertin, was established by monks of the Abbaye de Bèze in 638 A.D. Here young vines are treated with copper-sulphate fungicide.

ROMANÉE-CONTI (*left*) 4½ acres, and La Tâche (*right*), 14½ acres, produce Burgundy's finest and most expensive wines. Mme. de Pompadour once tried unsuccessfully to buy Romanée-Conti. Later it sold for the equivalent of almost \$100,000; is today valued much higher. Vineyard road leads to village of Vosne-Romanée (*near*).



THE HOSPICE DE BEAUNE built as an almshouse by Burgundian tax collector in 1443, and still used as a hospital, owns some of the best Côte d'Or vineyards. It is the site of auctions that help set prices of all Burgundy wines.

CORTON-CHARLEMAGNE, on hillside near Pernand-Vergelesses (near Beaune), is vineyard named for early owner, the Emperor Charlemagne who gave it to Abbot of Saulieu. Allowed to deteriorate during the plagues, it was later leased and restored by a Beaune innkeeper.



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winegrowers—a disastrous one for Bordeaux and West Germany, a poor one in both quantity and quality for Burgundy. The government has already given Burgundy producers permission to strengthen some of their poorer grades by capitalization, a doctoring process devised by one Jean Chaptal for adding sugar during fermentation to build up a wine's alcoholic content.

Out of the Myths. Like almost everything else about this rich old province the vines of Burgundy are rooted deep in the past. It is a past rich in ducal derring-do, chivalry, pomp and power. No part of France holds more monuments from its past than Burgundy, but Burgundians today demonstrate little pride of past or place. Unlike other French provinces—such as Brittany and Provence, modern Burgundy has no fast boundaries, no iron-clad geography. Even inhabitants disagree where boundaries are, who are Burgundians. Those in Beaunjolais prefer to call themselves Caladois; the people of Bellegarde insist that they belong to the Jura rather than Burgundy; the men of Besune and Dijon, the two best known communities of the province, scornfully insist that only those who live in the Côte-d'Or department rate as "real" Burgundians. Roughly, though, the province measures some 9,000 sq. mi., is the home of some 1,250,000 people—5% of France in area, 3% in population.

Industrially, Burgundy is not much (though its Schneider steel works at Le Creusot are one of the nation's largest, and its plastic plants around Bellegarde are a major industry). Its rolling green countryside is dedicated chiefly to the good life. The wines its 92,570 registered producers make are chiefly perfected to wash down good food. Its farmers turn out France's best beef (*bœuf du Charolais*), fanciest chickens (*poulets de Bresse*), and butter, cheese, fish, snails of renown. Modern Burgundy may have given France no great ministers or marshals, but it produced the country's most famous gourmet, Brillat-Savarin, born, fittingly enough, in the town of Belley. Without extremes of poverty or wealth, it is one part of France plagued neither by an alarmingly depopulated countryside nor by a burgeoning industrial proletariat. It elects 24 of France's 627 parliamentary Deputies. Eleven of them are independent peasants and Conservatives, seven Socialists, six Communists.

Truth is, not much has changed since Stendhal, touring the region in 1837, found Burgundy's one great merit: "Nobody talks politics here a quarrelsome subject. Everybody at table is occupied in comparing the qualities and charms of different wines." Last week some descendant of the men Stendhal chatted with savored a sample just drawn from a cask of Romanée-Conti 1954, and said: "This is just beginning to talk." Moving deeper into the cellar, he tried a 1949, spoke gravely of its "masculinité," then groped on for another bottle. Worldly worries—elections, Algeria, the Suez crisis, the H-bomb—seemed far, far away.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Fiscal Squeeze

The price of money, like most other prices in the high-pressure Canadian economy, continued to creep upward last week. For the sixth time in 15 months, the Bank of Canada raised its rate on loans to chartered banks. The country's basic interest rate was increased from 3½% to 3½%*, the highest ever charged by the government-owned central bank.

Past increases in the Bank of Canada interest rate were imposed to tighten the money supply and curb inflation. The latest increase, while it will have some anti-inflationary effect, was applied primarily for another reason: to get the government out of an embarrassing fiscal squeeze. In its most recent short-term (90-day) borrowings, the government had been forced to pay an interest rate of 3.25%, a slightly higher rate than the 3.25% interest on loans made through the Bank of Canada. That situation was obviously untenable; chartered banks would have been able to borrow from the government, then lend back the government's own funds to the treasury at a higher rate of interest. The speediest way to block such uneconomic transactions was to raise the Bank of Canada rate.

Autumn Comeback

On a warm Indian summer afternoon last week, a vigorous, white-haired man, caddying his own golf bag with an aluminum tow cart, strode briskly down the fairways of the Royal Ottawa Golf Club. Sporting a jaunty white cap, grey flannels and a checked shirt with the sleeves rolled to the elbows, Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent neither looked nor acted his 74 years.

Only two months ago the Prime Minister's health seemed likely to become a critical issue in Canadian politics. Toward the close of the grueling, seven-month parliamentary session, St. Laurent seemed close to exhaustion. His political foes openly predicted that the Liberal chief would soon be forced to retire, and a few panicky members of his own party talked nervously of holding a snap election this autumn to cash in on St. Laurent's potent vote-getting leadership before it was too late. But top Liberal strategists were more confident; all St. Laurent needed, they said, was a good vacation to be as vigorous as ever.

The optimistic diagnosis was right. During a vacation at his summer home in St. Patrick, Que., St. Laurent golfed almost daily, splashed around so regularly in the family swimming pool that he finally learned to swim (previously he could only float on his back). He went back to Ottawa not only completely restored from last summer's fatigue, but imbued with



Margie Stock/Union—Copyright 1966, Future
SPORTSMAN ST. LAURENT
Health excellent, score secret.

more political drive than he has shown for several years.

One of his first moves back in the capital was to spike all talk of an autumn election (TIME, Aug. 27). St. Laurent assured the Liberals that he was ready to lead an aggressive campaign next year. "If I feel then as I feel now," he said, "I'll want to go to all parts of Canada." St. Laurent began a new practice of taking a different Cabinet Minister or official home to lunch with him every day, to talk politics and government business over the meal. He also drew up an ambitious



TORONTO'S SMITH
Hope out of silence.

schedule of personal appearances for every weekend during the fall and winter, to see and be seen by voters outside Ottawa. He has already paid visits to Sherbrooke and Toronto. Last weekend he went to Montreal and Quebec City.

On his Toronto visit the Prime Minister received a handsome set of matched monogrammed golf clubs as a gift from the city. Less than 24 hours later, Louis St. Laurent was out on the Ottawa course testing his new equipment. He seemed to enjoy the exercise, playing with his daughter Madeleine (Mrs. Hugh O'Donnell). But no one outside the family could say whether the set of championship sticks had any magical effect on Dufferin St. Laurent's chronically 100-plus game. As usual, he kept his score a deep secret.

Dark Horse

In choosing the man to oppose Liberal Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent in next summer's national election, the opinion was gaining ground in Progressive Conservative ranks that the time had come to take a calculated risk with a fresh leader, unbruised and unweary by the Tories' past defeats in five straight elections. Ideally, he would be a man widely known and respected across the country, an able administrator, a good speaker, gifted with the intellect and energy to guide Canada's destiny as Prime Minister or serve as a rousing leader of the opposition in Parliament. The man best qualified and most frequently mentioned as a dark-horse candidate last week was Sidney Earle Smith, 39, president of the University of Toronto.

As head of the country's biggest university, Sidney Smith has made a notable reputation as an administrator; he boosted the school's enrollment 65% (to 11,500) and launched a \$60 million expansion program in the past ten years. Educator Smith has also traveled widely throughout Canada, winning countless friends with his genial ways and his thought-provoking speeches on almost every aspect of contemporary Canadian life (TIME, Oct. 6, 1962). He has been a champion of civil liberties, a critic of Anglophiles who would keep Canada more dependent on Britain ("They want us to ape the English in everything from accent to aristocracy"), and a staunch friend of the U.S. (the once accused Canada's External Affairs Chief Lester Pearson of "adolescence" for carping about U.S. foreign policy). Protestant Smith has strong backing in Roman Catholic Quebec because of his support of religious teaching in schools and the fact that he speaks French.

Smith's potential appeal has long been recognized by politicians, and he has been under pressure before to get into politics. The idea appealed to him, but the circumstances were never quite right for the move. Now, although he is in good health and is, in fact, the same age as St. Laurent when the Prime Minister entered politics

* The comparable U.S. Federal Reserve Bank rate remains unchanged at 4½% since May 1965.

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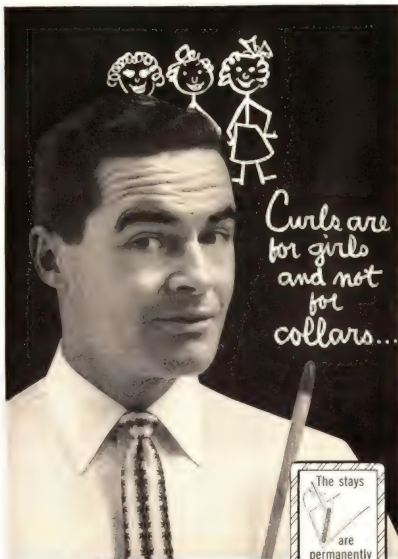
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in 1941. Smith is inclined to believe that he is too old to embark on a new career of rebuilding the Tory Party. But Smith has not yet said that he would refuse the nomination, and many Tories are hopeful that he may still be available for a genuine draft call at their convention next month. The Liberals are just as hopeful that he will not. Said a Liberal Cabinet minister, very much off the record: "He is the one man we couldn't figure out how to attack."

HONDURAS

The Polite Revolution

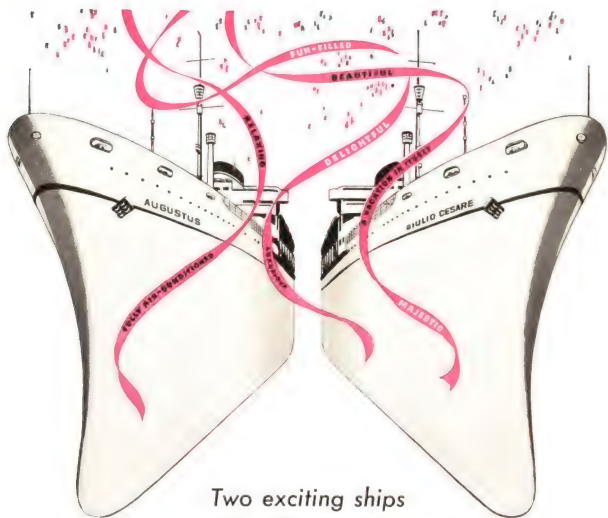
In the cobblestone capital of Tegucigalpa this week military officers shouldered aside Supreme Chief of State Julio Lozano Diaz. The framed election, which Lozano staged to transform himself into a legal President (TIME, Oct. 9, 1954) proved too raw for Honduras' younger, U.S.-trained officers to choke down. All last week Colonel Héctor Caraccioli, 34, a U.S.-trained pilot who commands the air force, and Major Roberto Gálvez, 31, an engineering officer who studied at Louisiana State University, talked it over with aging (71) Don Julio. Then, lining up support from General Roque J. Rodríguez, 55, commander of the country's military academy and an old hand at Central American revolutions, they gave Lozano polite overnight notice to resign for the good of the nation.

Sunday morning, air force planes patrolled the skies and troops deployed on the streets. From the military academy on the outskirts of the capital, Colonel Caraccioli telephoned Lozano; the time of decision had come. After holding out for the usual guarantees of life and property for himself and his associates, the old man signed his resignation.

Dour and crotchety, Julio Lozano never had any noteworthy popular support. He rode into the vice-presidency in 1948 under President Juan Manuel Gálvez (the rebel major's father). In 1954, when presidential elections ended in a no-majority stalemate, Lozano happened to be sitting in for the ailing President Gálvez, and seized power. Last August, hit one-two by an attempted barracks uprising and a case of high blood pressure, he turned over his authority briefly to a junta headed by General Rodríguez, then persuaded Gálvez to stand in again as chief of state and went to Miami for a medical check-up and long rest.

He flew back three weeks ago to supervise the election. Scarcely a ballot box was left unstuffed, or an oppositionist unintimidated in Lozano's electoral effort. For what it was worth, he won. But when his cops toppled off the fraud by shooting into a crowd of demonstrators on Election Day, Lozano's number was up. With the gentle air of friends who know what is best, the general, the colonel and the major eased him out. Said the junta: "We intend to govern democratically." It was the 135th revolution in Honduras' history—and the first military coup without bloodshed.





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THE MAGIC OF NEUTRACEL

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Printers everywhere use Hammermill papers. Many display this shield.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

For two winners of the Medal of Honor latter-day fortune brought a nose dive and a rebound. A one-man army of the Korean war, Marine Sergeant **Alfred L. McLaughlin**, credited with killing some 150 enemy soldiers at Bunker Hill, was whittled down to the rank of private, fined \$120 and given a three-month stretch at hard labor. Better able to hold a hard position than hard liquor, Honorman McLaughlin had drunkenly gotten into an armed brawl with the wrong enemy, his commanding officer, Major Henry Checklou. McLaughlin's beef: Checklou was always taunting him about that medal. On the other hand, the one-man army of World War II, ex-Army Sergeant **Charles E. ("Commando") Kelly**, 36, credited with dispatching 40 Nazi soldiers to the glory of the Third Reich, landed a job after long spells of sickness and penury (TIME, Oct. 11). Kelly, taken on by a St. Louis scrap-metal outfit as a contact man, said happily: "I'm among friends here."

Pilgrimage to a Madrid apartment, grizzled Author **Ernest Hemingway**, 57, sat reverently at the bedside of frail Author **Pio Baroja**, 84, now an invalid as well as the tired lion of Spanish letters, whose works are cynical, realistic, often spoof tradition and women. Papa bore gifts—a copy of his *Farewell to Arms* inscribed to Don Pio "in homage from his disciple," a sweater and socks of softest cashmere, a bottle of Scotch whisky. Presenting his offerings, Disciple Hemingway said hoarsely: "Allow me to pay this small tribute to you who taught so much to those of us who wanted to be writers when we were young. I deplore the fact that you have not yet received a Nobel

Prize, especially when it was given to so many who deserved it less, like me, who am only an adventurer." Moved by his own heartfelt eloquence, Papa began crying as he departed. Don Pio, also touched, had been able only to mutter an astonished "Caramba!"

Rolling down the brand-new Kansas Turnpike that will be officially opened this week, Wyoming's unwary Republican Governor **Milward L. Simpson** forgot that the fancy road comes to a dead end at the Oklahoma state line. His car hurtled off the concrete into an Oklahoma wheat field. The only one of five riders to be hurt was the governor's wife Lorna, who had forgotten to fasten her safety belt, but escaped with slight cuts and bruises.

At a Memphis filling station, Dreamboat **Elvis Presley** showed that he can swing his fists as adroitly as his pelvis. Pulling up in his lil' ol' unpretentious white \$10,000 Continental Mark II, Presley groaned a request to have his car's gas tank checked for a leak. Fumes were hurting his eyes, like. As the manager complied, a mob of gawkers and autograph hounds materialized, and traffic was soon jammed. Deaf to the manager's pleas to hit the trail, The Pelvis ecstasically kept on signing things thrust at him. Temper frayed, the manager hopped the singer on the back of his ducktailed coiffure. The blow made Elvis real mad. Sideburns bristling, he rolled out of the car and rocked the manager with a looping right to the eye. Then a station attendant, a real big guy, moved in to square off with Presley. But Elvis threw a Sunday punch that grazed the bruiser's puss. A cop then enforced an armistice. Next day a judge, in a courtroom twittering with Presley's bobbysox worshippers (several



GROANER PRESLEY & SWEET PIE
A bop on the ducktail.

with babes in arms), decided that the gas-station pair were the aggressors, socked them with fines totaling \$40. Cheers rocked the court. Elvis fought his way out through screaming admirers, went home and relaxed by playing with his puppy dog, Sweet Pie.

Retired General of the Army **George Catlett Marshall**, 75, who winters in North Carolina and summers in Virginia, was scheduled this week to receive the Woodrow Wilson Award for Distinguished Service for "meritorious service to democracy, public welfare, liberal thought, peace through justice."

Britain's First Sea Lord and chief of its naval staff, **Admiral the Earl Mountbatten**, 56, was upped to Admiral of the Fleet, top rank in Her Majesty's Navy.*

After several months of shy peeping at her over the hedges, the critics of two London dailies decided that Cinemorsel **Marilyn Monroe**, now making a movie with **Sir Laurence Olivier** in London, is everything her pressagents ever said she was—and more. Their consensus: a brilliant comedienne. Having previously all but ignored Marilyn's presence in Britain, the austere *Times* showed its rare enthusiastic side and proclaimed of Marilyn's performance in *Bus Stop* (TIME, Sept. 31): "What a partner she would have been for Chaplin in his heyday!" Thrummed the *Daily Mail*: "She reaffirms her position as the screen's most grown-up child actress."

Arriving in Manhattan for a showing of his spring creations, Paris Dressmaker **Christian Dior** let slip a few shapes of



AUTHORS HEMINGWAY & BAROJA
A tribute from a disciple

* The same rank and position was held by Mountbatten's father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, who resigned his posts at World War I's outbreak, when Britain's patriots clamored against all things German, including the Mountbatten family's origins. Prince Louis had little chance of emulating his old, the war would have pitted him against his brother-in-law, Prussia's Prince Henry, Grand Admiral of the German Fleet, in command of Baltic Sea forces.

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things to come. What next year's chic woman will look like, according to the edict of the Dioracle: her skirt will be "just a bit longer," her dress hues often favoring "toast to caramel" shades, her hat smaller, in order to show more of her face.

One of autumn's most conspicuous couples-about-Manhattan was **Marlene Dietrich** and **Noel Coward**, brimming for each other the mellow affection of long-time cronies who have never been linked romantically. Marlene had just blown in from Europe, where she starred in a movie titled *The Monte Carlo Story*. Explained she: "It's not about the Grimaldis, but gambling." Coward had a recording date



DIETRICH & COWARD
A mellow affection.

with Columbia Records, but he was thoroughly dissatisfied with his own rendition of an old song of his, *Sail Away*. Said he: "I sounded like Lily Pons's aunt!"

In Kenya, on the last lap of her eastern African tour, Britain's **Princess Margaret** skipped official functions and stayed in her Nairobi quarters because of a mild gastric upset. Four days earlier she had shown cordial absence of emotion on being introduced to a far-flung British colonial officer, District Commissioner Francis Townsend, 31, brother of R.A.F. Group Captain Peter Townsend, Margaret's divorced ex-suitor. In London, meanwhile, Airman Townsend was divorced, by his own prior request, from the Royal Air Force. His high military-career prospects had died with his romance. Now he began final preparations for his long-heralded solo trip around the world in a British-style jeep, spurning scores of offers from unattached ladies who want to go along for the ride.



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RELIGION

Lutheran Self-Examination

In Harrisburg, Pa., the United Lutheran Church in America, the U.S.'s largest (2,270,000 members) Lutheran body, concluded one of its most important conferences in years. After seven days of talk, some 700 delegates to the 20th biennial convention last week:

❑ Abolished the group's long-standing restriction on remarriage of the guilty party in divorce, decided to permit Lutheran pastors to remarry any divorced person who shows repentance. Marriage is a "life-long, indissoluble union," declared the delegates but "God in His love does accept the sinner."

❑ Called upon 16 branches of U.S. Lutheranism to unite in one denomination that would number some 7,200,000 members, authorized a special commission to meet with representatives of other groups to initiate steps toward union.

❑ Endorsed birth control for the first time in the church's history. Parents have a duty to plan their children "in accordance with their ability to provide for their children and carefully nurture them in the fullness of Christian faith and life."

❑ Urged members to set an example of interracial brotherhood in their daily lives but declined, by a vote of 340 to 150, to endorse a proposal hailing the Supreme Court's ban on segregation in the public schools as being "in harmony with Christian convictions," because the church had no right to "differ with or support" the court, which acts, they maintained, purely on legal principles. By this decision, which President Franklin Clark Fry formally opposed, the group becomes the first major U.S. religious body so far to withhold its blessing from the court's ruling.

Biblical Detective Story

Christians revere the Bible as a treasury of divine revelation; skeptics regard it as an unreliable collection of fable and folklore. Over the past century a host of scientists—archaeologists, geologists, astronomers, botanists—have added a third perspective. Beneath the barren plains and foothills of the ancient Biblical country, they have made discoveries revealing that whatever else it may be the Bible is a remarkably faithful chronicle of history. In *The Bible as History* (William Morrow & Co.; \$5.95), published in the U.S. next week, German Scientific Journalist Werner Keller skillfully sifts and summarizes the recent archaeological and scientific discoveries relating to Biblical times and places. The result is a lively blend of drama and reporting that reads like a detective story grafted on a history book.

Significant Mud. Digging through ancient rubbish at Ur near the Persian Gulf in 1920, British and American archaeologists came upon a 10-ft. layer of mud far beneath the surface. Underneath the layer they discovered artifacts from the Stone Age. Excitedly, the scientists flashed a message to the world: "We have found



MANNA ON A TAMARISK TREE
How nice of lice.

the Flood." Tests in surrounding areas showed that the layer of clay was the residue of a vast, catastrophic deluge that had in about 4000 B.C. covered the river plains of southern Mesopotamia, the center of the known world of that time.

Such discoveries may disconcert the skeptics, but other findings are bound to upset Biblical fundamentalists, who insist on miracles where science is ready to offer natural explanations. Many scientists are now convinced that the rocks which Moses struck, "and the water came out abundantly," were water-storing limestone, whose hard crust was broken by the blow. The bush that "burned with fire" and yet "was not consumed" could have been either the gas plant *traxinella*, whose high-

ly volatile oils sometimes ignite if approached with a naked flame, or certain mistletoe twigs whose crimson blossoms in full bloom resemble flames. As for the manna that nourished the Israelites in the desert, an expedition in 1923 confirmed an old suspicion: the manna was doubtless an edible white secretion of the tamarisk tree. When the tree is attacked by a species of plant louse, the substance oozes out, crystallizes and drops to the ground, where the Israelites found it. Without debating the divine intervention that the Bible clearly indicates, Keller points out that this secretion has all the appearances and properties of the manna the Bible describes ("and it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey"). The Israeli government, relying on the newly confirmed stature of the Bible as botanical expertise ("and Abraham planted a tamarisk tree in Beer-sheba"), recently planted 2,000,000 tamarisk trees there.

Tumbling Walls. At the turn of the century, a German-Austrian expedition uncovered ancient Jericho, and by 1936, explorations had proceeded far enough for a British expedition to determine that the walls of Jericho had indeed fallen with great violence. Reported Expedition Leader John Garstang: "The space between the two walls is filled with fragments and rubble. There are clear traces of a tremendous fire." Says the Bible: "When the priests blew with the trumpets . . . and the people shouted with a great shout . . . the wall fell down flat . . . and they burnt the city with fire, and all that was therein." Scientists conclude that an earthquake may have tumbled the walls.

From 1899 to 1917 a team of Germans worked to excavate Babylon. In the process, they unearthed the remains of the Tower of Babel. The scientists were able to calculate that it had been 295 ft. high, or about as high as the Statue of Liberty. The Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon with "spices, and gold in abundance, and precious stones" had often been thought a pious tale until archaeologists uncovered the ruins of Sheba in Yemen in 1951, found indication that the kingdom's chief trade route ran through Israel. This threw new light on the Queen's visit: it was probably a high level business conference.

Shooting Planets. Scholars have long disputed the year of Christ's birth. Some astronomers argue that the star of Bethlehem was actually an uncommon conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. By calculating the position of the planets backwards for centuries, they place the conjunction in 7 B.C. More recently, climatologists have also disputed the convention of accepting Dec. 25 as the date of Christ's birth. One reason: St. Luke's mention of cattle in the fields. Since the climate of Israel has not changed very much in the past 2,000 years, meteorologists know that Bethlehem was in the grip of frost in December. In Palestine, no good shepherd would think of keeping his flock in the fields under such circumstances.

In general, Keller reports, science's dis-



American Schools of Oriental Research
THE WALLS OF JERICO
Hot trumpet.

coveries have proved the Bible startlingly accurate in many checkable details. Keller cites the case of a Bible-reading British major who surprised and decimated a Turkish force in Palestine in World War I by attacking through the same narrow mountain pass which Saul and Jonathan had used to fall upon the Philistines centuries earlier. The Bible told just where to find it: "And between the passages . . . there was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side . . . the forefront of the one was situate northward over against Michmash, and the other southward over against Gibeah." A few years ago Israeli Businessman Niel Federmann began to brood over the account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah ("and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace"), guessed such conflagrations might indicate underground gas—and underground gas meant oil. He was right. In 1953 Israel's first oil well went into operation near the ancient site of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Words & Works

¶ In a special issue of its fortnightly *Presbyterian Life*, the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (Northern) celebrated its 250th anniversary with an examination of one of its most phenomenal decades. From 1946 to 1956 the denomination has increased its membership 25% (to 2,360,341), increased its contributions 121% (total: \$180,802,586) and built 550 new churches.

¶ The doctor's waiting room in rural England is taking the place once occupied by the vicarage, says British Journalist Ronald Duncan in *Punch*. "As any doctor will now confirm, at least 20% of his patients are not suffering from any physical ailment whatever. These people go regularly to the doctor on any excuse, but the reason for their attendance in the congregation within the waiting room is that they are seeking from the doctor the sort of spiritual comfort and personal guidance which, a few generations ago, they used to obtain from the priest."

¶ "Going steady" is an "occasion of sin," and students who persist in doing so will be barred from "any position of leadership or honor," the principal warned students at St. Mary's Roman Catholic coeducational high school in Lynn, Mass. "The only serious reason which would justify going steady is the hope of marriage in the near future. This reason should be absolutely nonexistent for any high-school student." Said *The Pilot*, organ of the archdiocese of Boston: "A fortnight and we may hope, decisive treatment."

¶ Church integration won a victory in Oklahoma City, where the Rev. Robert H. Alexander, pastor of Avery Chapel, was unanimously elected the first Negro president of the Oklahoma City Council of Churches. His is one of six Negro congregations among the council's 52 churches. Integration suffered a setback in Philadelphia, where the Rev. David E. Gregory resigned as pastor of the New Berean Baptist Church when his congregation refused to admit Negroes to membership.



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MEDICINE

To Suckling Hamsters

Man shares most of his diseases with lower forms of life, but for a long time it seemed that the commonest of his ills, the common cold, was his and his alone. Then researchers found that chimpanzees, most manlike of the apes, could catch man's colds. However, this did little to advance research because chimps are scarce, expensive (\$500 each) and temperamental.

Last week five University of Maryland researchers reported that they had broken through the mucosal barrier and succeeded in giving colds to a common, cheap and docile laboratory animal: the suckling hamster. The researchers took nasal washings from colleagues with fresh colds, dropped them into the noses of six-day-old hamsters. Two-thirds of the infant animals got human-type colds. Cold researchers rejoiced, hoped now to make faster progress against humanity's stubborn medical nuisance by giving hundreds of hamsters runny noses.

Into the Heart

Dr. Werner Forssmann was young (25) and eager to prove the worth of a revolutionary idea: that it should be possible to learn more about the inside of a diseased human heart by inserting a thin rubber tube (catheter) into it. But none of his hospital colleagues in Eberswalde, near Berlin, was willing to be a guinea pig. Suspecting the gleam in young Forssmann's eyes, the chief surgeon even forbade his experimenting on himself. Secretly one night Dr. Forssmann punctured a vein in his arm and persuaded a fellow resident to start working a tube into it. With little more than 1 ft. inserted, the friend quit, protesting that it was too



United Press
NOBEL WINNER FORSSMANN
A mirror was his helper.

dangerous. A week later, with no helper other than a nurse holding a mirror so that he could watch the tube's progress on a fluoroscope, Forssmann tried again and got 25½ inches of tube through his elbow vein.

With the tube in place, Dr. Forssmann climbed two flights of stairs to the X-ray room, and persuaded the radiologist to take a picture as photographic proof that its tip had entered the right side of his heart. The technique, he reported in a learned paper in 1929, would be valuable for studying the blood pressure inside the heart, and for injecting radiopaque

dyes to get X rays of the heart, including abnormalities. But his discovery was ignored in Germany. Older men, who should have been wiser, scoffed at Forssmann's catheterization of the heart as a circus stunt. Beginning in the early '30s two Columbia University researchers, Dr. Dickinson W. Richards and French-born Dr. André Courmand, read of Forssmann's experiment and developed a way to use it both for research and diagnosis. They showed that it could be used in studies of shock, in revealing defects inside the heart or abnormal connections between arteries. Conditions that formerly were invariably fatal could be detected and corrected by surgery.

Driven from research by the skepticism of his German colleagues, Dr. Forssmann took up surgery. He was captured during the war. Since his release from an Allied P.O.W. camp in 1945, and a stint as a lumberjack, he has been supporting his wife and six children as a general practitioner in the little town of Bad Kreuznach in Rhine province. Last week he learned that Stockholm's Caroline Medico-Surgical Institute, only 27 years behind the times, had named him, together with Richards and Courmand, to share the 1956 Nobel Prize for medicine (\$38,633). Said the German country doctor: "I feel like a village pastor who is suddenly informed that he has been made a cardinal."

Drain for the Brain

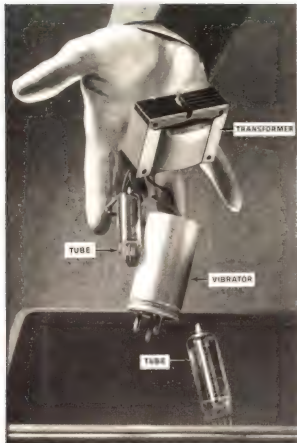
The baby was suffering from a stubborn form of hydrocephalus (water on the brain): spinal fluid, collecting in his skull cavity, caused his head to enlarge and threatened to squeeze the brain so that the child's mental development would be arrested. Some hydrocephalus cases can be treated with fair success by putting a tube in the spinal canal half way down the back and draining the fluid from the brain through the spinal canal into the urinary system. But this child, son of a Philadelphia industrial technician named John W. Holter, was in a worse plight because he had a barrier between the brain cavity and the spinal canal.

At Philadelphia's Children's Hospital, Neurosurgeon Eugene Spitz, 37, tried running a tube direct from baby Charles' head to his abdomen. It worked only for a few days at a time, then another operation was needed to clean it. To the father Dr. Spitz explained that he would like to drain the brain fluid into the jugular vein. But this would need a valve (to prevent back flow by the blood), and so far no satisfactory valve had been devised—they all had a tendency to clog.

That night Holter went home and stared at his drawing board. He drew the design of a valve with two fins that opened and shut like the gates of a canal lock. But what to make it of? Holter began a frantic search for a suitable material. He worked evenings and weekends, got only three or four hours' sleep a night. The valve had to be durable. It must be inert, so as not to corrode or cause reactions in the blood. While Holter worked, surgeons operated again, put in a



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RADIO & TELEVISION

temporary tube in the hope of keeping his son alive until Holter could find his material. Finally Holter hit upon silicone plastic fins in a stainless steel body, and a plastic-molding company made up several sample valves.

On May 3 Dr. Spitz opened the baby's jugular, made an opening between the vein and one of the fluid-filled brain cavities, set the valve into the opening, and closed the skin over it. The valve worked. In less than two weeks Charles Holter went home. Last week, nearing his first birthday, he was still doing well. Though fluid might continue to collect for the rest of his life, it could drain off through the valve, which would stay in place. Pediatricians, who had just heard Dr. Spitz's report, were hopeful that his technique and Holter's valve would be the answer to hundreds of cases of this type of hydrocephalus each year in the U.S. John Holter quit his technician's job, was devoting his whole time to making the valves that had saved his son.

Pills for Diabetes

The U.S.'s 1,000,000 diabetics have had high hopes for two drugs that, taken by mouth, might free them from daily injections of insulin (TIME, Feb. 27). Last week the reports were mixed.

Indianapolis' Eli Lilly & Co., makers of carbutamide (originally known as BZ-55), warned doctors that among an estimated 1,000 patients who have received carbutamide in the last 18 months there have been eight deaths for which the drug may have been at least partly responsible. There was yet no proof that carbutamide was solely to blame but Lilly was putting doctors on guard. About 5% of patients had skin rashes, loss of appetite, nausea, drug fever, or lowering of the white blood-cell count. In nearly all such cases the symptoms went away when the drug was stopped.

Kalamazoo's Upjohn Co., distributors of tolbutamide (trade-named Orinase), reported only mild skin rashes, indigestion or stomach distention in a small proportion of the 10,000 diabetics who have received this drug in the last year.

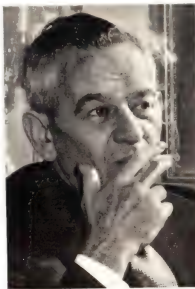
Neither drug is a substitute for insulin. Therefore, neither can be used for patients whose own insulin output is at or near the vanishing point—thus excluding everybody whose diabetes developed in early life. Also excluded are older patients who have severe eyes and hands.

But carbutamide or tolbutamide tablets may help a vast number of diabetics: persons in middle or late life, usually those of a rather heavy or stocky build, whose disease is relatively mild and stable; 80% of such patients get prompt relief. If the drugs do not work, the patient can be put back on insulin immediately with little or no harm done. A rough-and-ready guide to indicate who may benefit from the new tablets if and when they become available for general prescription use: patients who normally need 40 units of insulin a day or less can get by with the drugs; those who need more insulin cannot.

A Familiar Subject

"The big difference between TV and movies lies in the audience's frame of mind," says Alsace-born William Wyler, 54, whose skilled directorial hand has made him one of Hollywood's top movie-makers. "With TV, you have all the disturbing elements of the home."

Producer-Director Wyler had good reason to draw a comparison. Rummaging through his musty attic of past hits (*Mrs. Miniver*, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, *Roman Holiday*), he came across Somerset Maugham's durable old (1927) melodrama, *The Letter*, and last week dusted



Tommy Webber

DIRECTOR WYLER
In *Malaya*, a sticky melees.

it off for the 21-inch screen. It was Wyler's first stab at TV, and the result was a slick, highly polished tele-drama about a bored wife who riddles her lover with bullets and gets away with it.

The *Letter* originally starred Katharine Cornell on Broadway; Jeanne Eagels did it in the first movie (1929), and Bette Davis, with Wyler directing, in the second (1940). Wyler picked *The Letter* for his TV debut (on NBC's *Producer's Showcase*) because "in an unfamiliar medium I wanted a familiar subject." On a three-week schedule, he staged the entire production the first week, spent the other two on technique. "TV is so complex technically, it leaves little or no time for acting and directing." But by drawing on his broad movie experience, Wyler could see the whole of his 85-minute production as if he were "making only one take of a motion picture."

Fog-throated Siobhan (*St. Joan*) McKenna, in a blonde wig, played Leslie, the high-voltage heroine, through a sticky Malayan melees of passions. Stalking Maugham's female primeval like a white

hunter was Wyler's inquisitive camera, peering through all the flora and fauna into the hurt eyes of the cuckolded husband (John Mills, making his American TV debut), or capturing the guilt written across the sallow face of the harrister (Michael Rennie) who helps Leslie beat the rap. With pace and polish, Wyler distilled all the steamy Maugham atmosphere and dry rot of colonial life, brought believability to some papier-mâché archetypes. Oldtime Cinematress Anna May Wong, as the blackmailing mistress of the murdered cad, peered with good effect through the inevitable beaded curtains.

For all its sudsy incidents, characters and lines ("You'd be attractive anywhere, but in this God-forsaken jungle, you're irresistible!"). *The Letter* was unusual adult entertainment. By letting the heroine get by with both murder and adultery, it did what the movies, according to the code, cannot do. NBC censors did pressure Wyler to "change a few 'hells' and 'My Gods'." The line, "A woman he had relations with," became "A woman with whom he had a relation." But Wyler refused to tamper with key bits, viz., "He tried to rape me so I shot him." Snorted he: "What are you going to say—He tried to make love to me so I killed him? Big laugh."

As Wyler's first TV venture, *The Letter* also may well be his last. Though an "exciting one-shot experiment," he found himself "out of control" in the medium. "I don't want to be in the lap of the gods; I want the gods to be in my lap," Wyler also observes of TV: "One night, and it's gone. On the other hand, a movie is always there. It goes all over the world, and people see it when they feel like it."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Oct. 25. Times are E.D.T. through Sunday, Oct. 28; E.S.T. thereafter.

TELEVISION

Playhouse 90 (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., CBS). *Rendezvous in Black*, with Laraine Day.

The Saturday Spectacular (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Gordon Jenkins' *Manhattan Towers*.

Hallmark Hall of Fame (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). *Born Yesterday*, with Mary Martin.

Ed Sullivan Show (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). With Elvis Presley, Joyce Grenfell.

Goodyear Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Robert Anderson's *All Summer Long*.

Matinee Theater (Wed. 3 p.m., NBC). Winston Churchill's *Savrola*.

RADIO

Conversation (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., NBC). "American Magazines."

Bob Hope Show (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). With Betty Grable, Margaret Whiting.

Face the Nation (Sun. 10:05 p.m., CBS). Charles E. Wilson.

SNOW WHITES ... and the countless dwarfs

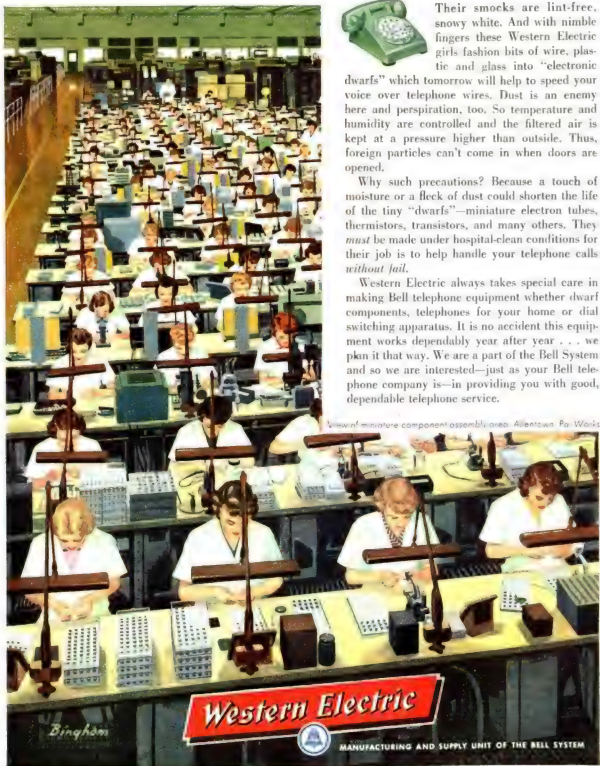


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View of miniature component assembly area, Allentown, Pa. Works

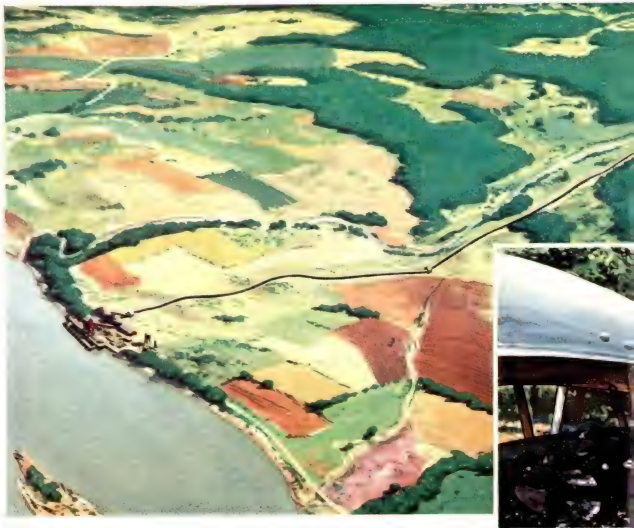


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But now, where do you go? Two and a half miles of heavily wooded, roller-coasting hills stand between you and the river. Wheeled transportation has two drawbacks. First, the rough terrain means a winding route and long trip times. Second, it would deprive you of excellent, natural stock pile locations.

You think over the problem, when suddenly it hits you: Why not use conveyor belts above ground too? You rough out plans for another "rubber railroad" — one to crow-flight the coal from mine opening to preparation plant to barges. Then you call again on the G.T.M. He not only confirms your thinking, but supports it to the hilt with records of success at Shasta, Grand Coulee and Bull Shoals Dams plus many other cross-country jobs.

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SCIENCE

First Nuclear Power

Britain's Queen Elizabeth II, slim in a royal blue coat and ermine-trimmed hat, stood under a white nylon canopy in galeswept northern England. "All of us here," she said in her girlish voice, "know we are present at the making of history. . . . It is with pride that I open Calder Hall, Britain's first atomic power station." She pulled a small lever, and unseen controls shifted in the brightly colored, futuristic structures behind the nylon canopy. The hand of a clocklike dial turned, measuring the flow of atom-born electricity into Britain's power lines.

The U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have experimental plants that produce small amounts of nuclear electricity, but Britain is the first to achieve atomic power on a serious scale. When in full operation, Calder Hall's two units will generate 92,000 kw. The most advanced nuclear power plant in the U.S., at Shippingport, Pa., has only the rough, nonnuclear parts of its equipment in place. Paid for chiefly with government money, it is not scheduled for completion until next summer. Many private atomic power plants have been projected with loud publicity, but few, if any, have passed the ceremonial ground-breaking stage. The site of Consolidated Edison Co. of New York's plant at Indian Point on the Hudson, for instance, has not even been cleared of trees.

Britain, short of fuel for her rapidly growing industries, needs atomic power more than the U.S. or Russia. In trying to get it as quickly as possible, British scientists have settled for a comparatively primitive reactor, which uses natural uranium for fuel and is cooled by pressurized carbon dioxide. As they gain experience, Britain's atomic engineers plan to shift to more advanced reactors.

The policy of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission has been to concentrate on small experimental reactors of advanced type while encouraging private industry to undertake the full-scale jobs. Its reasoning: that a reactor which would be economic in Britain, where power is expensive, would not be worth building in the U.S., where power is much cheaper.

Economic or not, Calder Hall is a technical triumph and a boost to British prestige. Said Henry Gethin Davey, in charge of its construction: "Britain has the lead. I don't claim to know what the Russians are doing. I'm basing my opinion on the expressions on their faces when they first came to Calder Hall."

Deepest Diver

When Senior Commissioned Boatswain George Wookey of the British navy went over the side of the experimental diving ship H.M.S. *Reclaim*, he knew he was headed for a trying experience. The *Reclaim* was anchored in a cold Norwegian fjord, and on the bottom, at 600 ft. below the surface, was a steel table. Boatswain Wookey's job was to descend to the table

in an ordinary diving suit and stay there for a specified time. If he accomplished this and survived, he would break the diving record by a wide margin.

Men in the rigid, strong-walled cabin of a bathyscaphe (diving ship) have descended 13,300 ft. to the bottom of the ocean, and such diving is physically easy. The pressure they feel remains about the same throughout the dive. But when a man goes to the bottom in a flexible diving suit (as he must if he wants to do any work there), he is not sheltered from the pressure of the water, which increases about one pound per square inch for every two feet of descent. The air that he



BOATSWAIN WOOCKEY IN DIVER'S SUIT
Going down is easy.

breathes, pumped into his helmet through a tube from the surface, must have pressure enough to keep the water out. Such pressure is not kind to frail human flesh.

Boatswain Wookey, a ruddy, bigish man, made his dive in standard diving equipment (a rubberized fabric suit with a round helmet), but behind him stood the calculations of many scientists who had scheduled every minute and foot of the dive. A crew of engineers and pathologists helped him into the water or watched instruments in the hold of the *Reclaim*.

Helium for Dizziness. The main trouble with deep diving is that when the diver breathes ordinary air under too much pressure, nitrogen dissolves in his blood and tissues, causing dizziness and other kinds of trouble. Below about 240 ft., the air pumped down to the diver is replaced by a mixture of oxygen and helium. The helium penetrates the tissues, but does not have the bad effects of nitrogen. When the diver comes to the surface, however, he must be decompressed slowly lest bubbles of helium give him painful, sometimes fatal "bends."

When Boatswain Wookey was lowered into the water, he was breathing ordinary air, but when he reached 40 ft., the pump began supplying a mixture of oxygen (8.5 parts) and helium (91.5 parts). Going down was comparatively easy. In spite of the 273 lbs. of pressure on every square inch of his body (39.312 lbs. per sq. ft.), he felt fine. "I felt no more effect from the helium," he says, "than I would from nitrogen at shallow depth. My mind was clear. I did the job I was sent down to do." His token job, to prove that he could do useful work, was to unbolt a wire.

Narrow Margin. The scientists on board the *Reclaim* had figured on his staying at 600 ft. for exactly three minutes. Wookey stayed two minutes longer to untangle his air tube. This threw the dive off schedule and threatened Wookey's narrow margin of safety. As his shipmates began to haul him up, a sudden chill struck through him. "It was the most intense cold," he said, "that I ever felt. That cold gets into your guts, and you feel you can't stand it."

Slowly, with many stops, he rose toward a submerged decompression chamber that hung 220 ft. below the surface. It was open at the bottom, with compressed air keeping the water out. Inside waited Able Seaman George Clucas, an expert diver, to give Wookey aid and comfort while he finished the long decompression process.

When Wookey reached the chamber, he waited ten minutes while the pressure in his helmet was reduced to the pressure in the chamber (about 110 lbs. per sq. in.). Then he climbed into the chamber itself, and Clucas took the front glass off his helmet. "He was so cold," said Clucas. "So very cold. He could hardly stand up when he reached me." The two men sat down for a long, dull, eight-hour wait, supplied with candy, hot coffee, reading matter and rum.

Foot by foot the decompression chamber was hoisted toward the surface. Pound by pound its air pressure fell. As it neared the surface, Clucas closed the bottom door to hold the remaining pressure, and the chamber with the two men inside was taken on board the *Reclaim*. For an hour they breathed pure oxygen to flush residual helium and nitrogen out of their systems. Then the door was opened, and they stepped out. At once they felt the dreaded pains of the bends, Wookey in his shoulders, Clucas in his legs and chest. They ran into a larger decompression chamber, where they were kept under oxygen for four more hours. When they came out, they felt fine, but tired and very hungry.

Wookey had beaten the diving record by 65 ft. and he had done potentially useful work at 600 ft. He could have attached a cable to a sunken submarine at that depth. Some day he expects to go deeper; the limit, he feels, is imposed by cold and the long time needed for proper decompression. Asked why a man will do such a thing, Wookey says, "I think diving is intensely interesting, especially in shallow water. I go deeper because it's my job."

MUSIC

The Prima Donna

(See Cover)

Once upon a time a prima donna was opera's indispensable lady, an unearthly creature who fed on acclaim, dressed in kudos and walked a path strewn with money, jewels and lovers. For her the real world was only an extension of the unlikely world of opera, a world of passionate hate, tempestuous love and outrageous gesture. The prima donna was larger than life, and a law only to her own towering talent. One composer did not dream of objecting when Maria Malibran (1808-36) regally replaced one whole act he had written with music by an-

Raised in Manhattan's upper west side, Maria Callas had left it as a fat, unhappy child of 14. She returned svelte, successful, the wife of an Italian millionaire, a diva more widely hated by her colleagues and more wildly acclaimed by her public than any other living singer. She returned to open the season next week in Bellini's *Norma* at the Metropolitan—which only eleven years ago just could not seem to find a suitable role for her.

In those years, tawny, big-eyed Maria Callas established herself as undisputed queen of the world's opera. From London to Naples her presence in even the tiredest old operas packed the house. At Milan's La Scala she has, almost singlehanded,

performance, it tends to become strident, and late in a hard evening, begins to take on a reverberating quality, as if her mouth were full of saliva. But the special quality of the Callas voice is not tone. It is the extraordinary ability to carry, as can no other, the inflections and nuances of emotion, from mordant intensity to hushed delicacy. Callas' singing always seems to have a surprise in reserve. With the apparently infinite variety of her vocal inflections, she can keep the listener's ear constantly on edge for a twist of an emotional phrase, constantly delighted by a new and unexpected flick of vocal excitement.

Quite apart from the quality of her voice, her technique is phenomenal. The product of the relentless discipline that characterizes everything she does, it enables her to ignore the conventional boundaries of soprano, mezzo-soprano and contralto as if they had never been created. She can negotiate the trills and arabesques of coloraturas as easily as she trumpets out a stinging dramatic climax. Like her operatic sisters of a century ago, La Callas can sing anything written for the female voice. Because of her, La Scala has revived some operas (Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio*, Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*, Cherubini's *Medea*) that it had not staged for years because no modern diva could carry them off.

Blood & Tears. As actress, Callas is more exciting than any singer has a right to be. Her acting takes the form of a flashing eye that petrifies an emotion, a sudden rigidity that shouts of a breaking heart, a homicidal wish or a smoldering passion ("It takes nerve to stand still"). Callas' style of movement on stage strangely resembles the striding and lurching of the hamhearted operatic actress, but she moves so gracefully, so alluringly, with such authority, that even opera's baroque gestures take on breathtaking conviction.

In her first *Aida* at La Scala in 1950 she startled the crowd by stalking about like a hungry leopard instead of taking the usual stately stance for her Act III duet. In the death scene of *Fedora*, in which sopranos tend to expire stiffly on a divan, Callas staggers from it, sags to her knees, drags herself up, crawls towards her lover's room, collapses again before she finally rolls down and dies. In *Norma* she has cried real tears. Operagoers, long reconciled to the classic, three-gesture range of other prima donnas, are astounded and delighted.

Hissing Snakes. Maria Callas clawed her way to her present eminence with a ruthless ferocity that awes her enemies and has left her few professional friends. Some have helped her on her way. But from the first the lonely, fat girl from Manhattan saw herself pitted singlehanded against a world of enemies. In her triumph, she takes fierce pride in her defiant self-reliance. At La Scala supporters of a rival diva hiss her regularly. It only arouses Callas to cold fury.

Once, her enemies began to heckle as she got to the high notes of her second aria in *Traviata*. Callas tore off her shawl,



John Dominis—LIFE

CALLAS AS NORMA, 1954

"When my enemies stop hissing, I'm slipping."

other composer. Adelina Patti (1843-1919) traveled in a de luxe private railway car of her own, flanked by husband, dogs, birds and servants. Her fees were stupendous, and one agent protested that she was asking more per month than the President of the U.S. got per year. "Well then," said Patti stonily, "let him sing."

Today the title has almost lapsed. In the opera house teamwork is the cry. Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera even forbids solo curtain calls. At home the opera star is often no more glamorous than a suburban housewife. In an age of small-scale talent and marching egos, the one diva who truly deserves the proud title of prima donna, with all its overtones of good and evil, is Maria Meneghini Callas.

The Peak. Last week, like a stormy throwback to another century, Maria Callas swept into New York. She arrived, as is proper for prima donnas, in triumph,

increased the season's attendance half again over prewar records. In critical Vienna, 10,000 people clamored for the 2,000 tickets available when she sang *Lucia de Lammermoor*. In Chicago her presence successfully launched a new opera company in a city which has been death on opera companies for years. Hundreds of ear-hardened operagoers surge around stage doors just for a glimpse of her. Thousands of others have snapped up tens of thousands of the 13 full-length opera recordings that she has made for Italy's Cetra, Britain's E.M.I. (the Angel label in the U.S.).

A Sword & a Caress. Few rate the Callas voice as opera's sweetest or most beautiful. It has its ravishing moments. In quiet passages, it warms and caresses the air. In ensembles, it cuts through the other voices like a Damascus blade, clean and strong. But after the first hour of a

stepped to the front of the stage, glared directly at her tormentors. With reckless ferocity, she lit into one of opera's most perilous arias. If she had made a mistake it would have been fatal. Instead, she sang with immaculate and unearthly beauty. Five times she was called back by the deliriously happy audience, five times she stood stony and arrogant, before turning away. On the sixth call, she relented, bowed to everybody except the hecklers. Then she faced them, suddenly flung up her arms in a gesture of spitting contempt. Says she, with savage satisfaction: "As long as I hear them stirring and hissing like snakes out there, I know I'm on top. If I heard nothing from my enemies, I'd know I was slipping. I'd know they're not afraid of me any more."

La Callas asks nothing better. "I hate to be pitied, and I never pitied anyone," she says.

Shrieking Leap. The woman Milan critics now call Goddess Callas was born Maria Anna Sofia Cecilia Kalogeropoulos at dawn on Dec. 3, 1923 in Manhattan's Flower Hospital, four months after her parents arrived from Athens. In Greece her father had been a successful pharmacist. But in the U.S. he drifted from job to job. The family moved from one cheap apartment to another, the parents always-quabbling, often on the verge of breaking up. Maria remembers her childhood with bitterness: "My sister was slim and beautiful and friendly, and my mother always preferred her. I was the ugly duckling, fat and clumsy and unpopular. It is a cruel thing to make a child feel ugly and unwanted." Forced to wear heavy spectacles for her myopic eyes, little Maria avoided schoolmates, ate compulsively (sometimes a whole pound of cheese at breakfast). "I hated school. I hated everybody. I got fatter and fatter." But when she was eight, she took up music. She saved money to buy opera librettos, and sang at school. Her mother drove her on, arranged for voice lessons. Maria began to win radio amateur contests. She made an important discovery: "When I sang I was really loved."

When she was 14, her mother took the girls for a visit to Athens. They were caught there by the beginning of World War II. But Maria was undeterred. She won a scholarship at the old National Conservatory, where for the next four years—she arrived early, left late, learned a libretto in a week (usual time: two months). She sang for Italian and German soldiers, who gave her bags of sugar and macaroni to help feed her family. She weighed 200 lbs. "She never tilted. Nobody courted her. She was awkward and ashamed," says her teacher. "She had a real inferiority complex except about one thing: her voice."

One day in 1942, a leading singer in Athens' National Opera Company became ill. Maria was invited to take over the role of Tosca on 24 hours' notice. Backstage before the show, she overheard a male voice saying: "That fat bitch will never carry it off." With a shriek of rage, she leaped at the speaker, tore his shirt

and bloodied his nose. Maria sang that night with a puffy eye. But she got raves from Athens critics.

Midnight Polish. The war over, Maria returned to New York. The Met offered her the role of Madame Butterfly, but she did not dare try it at her weight. A chance to sing in Chicago blew up when the company went broke. For two years she remained in New York studying, practicing and eating, but never singing in public. Discouraged and despondent, she sailed for Italy, where she got a job in Verona (at \$63 a performance) an audition but no job at La Scala (the director told her that she had lots of faults).

"I knew I had failed," she says. "All that work and all those years were for nothing. I understood why people kill

while Serafin interrupted, corrected, polished tirelessly. They worked until midnight, were at it again early next day. Callas' *Aida* became Turin's biggest post-war success.

First-Night Vespers. For the next four years, Serafin whipped her through one role after another, and Maria Callas began to find her niche. She blanketed Italy with her performances, made two tours to Latin America, getting wilder receptions at every appearance. In Genoa cheering fans carried her on their shoulders through the streets. In Trieste she was hailed as the "greatest Norma in history." But Maria decided that she was miserable. "I hated singing," she says. "I was terribly in love. It took me away from my husband." A shipboard companion remembers her on a trip to Latin America:



CALLAS IN REHEARSAL, 1951

"When I'm angry I can do no wrong."

themselves. One thing I learned—don't ask anybody for favors. You won't get anything anyway."

But she had met Giovanni Battista Meneghini, a millionaire building-materials tycoon and *bon vivant* more than twice her age. He wooed her in courtly fashion, and in the white-haired Meneghini, fat-unloved Maria found love for the first time. In 1949 they were married.

Meneghini sold out his business, invested the proceeds in real estate, and became Maria's private impresario and only agent. "Why should I give those damned agencies 10% or 20% of what I make?" she asked. Meneghini coaxed old Conductor Tullio Serafin, now 77, to coach her, and the two went to work. In turn, before she was to appear as *Aida*, a curious critic wandered into the theater at 3 a.m. to find her onstage, going over every passage again and again.

"All she did was eat, sleep, spray in her bunk, and talk about her husband, how tender he was, how he spread flowers around their bed."

But when Meneghini suggested that she give up singing her decision drove her mad. Success was in sight. La Scala asked her to do a guest performance of *Aida*. She accepted, but protested to Serafin at the honor: "Sure, it's a magnificent theater. But me, I'm myopic. For me, theaters all look alike. La Scala is La Scala, but I'm Callas and I'm a pic. Ecco!"

Her performance was a fair success, and La Scala offered her another guest appearance. But Callas had the scent of triumph in her nostrils. Haughtily, she refused. They could hire her as a full-fledged member of the company, or they would not get her at all. "They expected me to beg for a role. I would rather have died," she told friends. In 1951 La Scala



CALLAS & DINNER GUESTS

Once, a waiter pinned a cheese for breakfast.

capitulated. At the age of 28, she opened the Scala season in *Stellion l'esper*.

Someone Possessed. Maria Callas was still fat and half sick. She was inclined to break out in rashes and blotches; she was often feverish; her legs became painfully swollen. She took her resentments out on the people around her. Her first victim was another soprano, Renata Tebaldi, long-standing favorite of Scala audiences, possessor of a voice of creamy softness, musicianship of delicate sensibility, and a temperament to match. She was no match for Callas. From the beginning the two women glowered. Tebaldi stayed away from Callas' performances; Callas, on the warpath, sat in a prominent box at Tebaldi's, ostentatiously cheered, and watched her rival start to tremble. Callas sensibly left a little too innocently—points out that there are plenty of operas for two top sopranos in La Scala's big repertory. The fact is, Callas thrives on opposition. "When I'm angry, I can do no wrong," she says. "I sing and act like someone possessed." But Tebaldi wilted. "She's got no backbone. She's not like Callas." Year by year Tebaldi reduced her appearances until last year she was absent entirely from La Scala, and Callas held the field with 37 performances.

Terrible Wrath. Callas had also turned bitterly against her mother. "I'll never forgive her," she says, "for taking my childhood away. During all the years I should have been playing and growing up. I was singing or making money. Everything I did for them was greatly glorified everything they did to me was mostly bad. Mrs. Callas had moved back to Athens, was living there with Jackie and very little money. In 1951 she wrote Maria to ask for \$500 for my daily bread." Answered Maria. "Don't come in us with your troubles. I had to work for my money, and you are young enough to work too. If you can't make enough

money to live on, you can jump out of the window or drown yourself."

Maria justifies her behavior firmly. They say my family is very short of money. Before God, I say why should I blame me? I feel no guilt and I feel no gratitude. I like to show kindness, but you mustn't expect thanks, because you won't get any. That's the way life is. If some day I need help, I wouldn't expect anything from anybody. When I'm old nobody is going to worry about me.

Professionally, Callas is just as ruthless. This year she broke with the maestro who helped her first and most, Conductor Serafin. Her complaint: he recorded *Trois* with another soprano. Her decision automatically eliminates Serafin from his old job as conductor for her opera recordings and the old man is finding that other singers are now mysteriously unable to sing under him. Says he: "She is like a devil with evil instincts." Says La Callas: "I understand hate; I respect revenge. You have to defend yourself. You have to be strong, very, very strong. That's what makes you have fights."

Onstage, Callas' thirst for personal acclaim is insatiable. She grabs solo curtain calls whenever she can, even after another singer's big scene. Backstage in Rome, Basso Boris Christoff once seized her with his big paw, forced her to stand still.

Now Maria, he decreed, "either we'll go out there together, or nobody goes out." Tenor Giuseppe Di Stefano says: "I'm never going to sing opera with her again, and that's final." Said a close acquaintance: "The day will come when Maria will have to sing by herself."

Absolutely Luscious. Between rehearsals and curtain calls, Callas is one of the least troublesome of stars. Impresarios who have broken their hearts and their pocketbooks getting her signature do not

have to worry about further dickering, and rarely about temperamental outbursts. Callas arrives on time at rehearsals; at recording sessions she doggedly repeats passages until they are as perfect as possible, gives freely of her full voice and never seems to require any warmup time.

After her success at La Scala, Callas began to lose weight. In three years she dropped from 202 lbs. to a sleek 135 lbs. "She got what she wanted, so she stopped overeating," explained an interested doctor. In Milan she began to live the life of the prima donna and to look the part. Milan fondly encouraged her, wined and dined her whenever possible. Her life took on a sybaritic pattern. In the morning she usually sang at the piano on a glassed-in terrace outside her bedroom, polishing current roles. Afternoons, she visited her dressmaker or her beautician, taking treatments worthy of a courtesan: cream, oil and electric massages and rubdowns, face packs and facials of every kind. When shopping, she added to a wardrobe that already included 35 fur coats, 40 suits, 150 pairs of shoes, 200 dresses, at least 300 hats. She never has gloves washed, just tosses them away after a few wearings. For her New York trip, she ordered more than 30 new major items, including five new furs, hired a model to save her the nuisance of fittings. Also on order is a new diamond necklace to add to a collection that includes a magnificent, 150-year-old Venetian collar of diamonds and emeralds, besides more ordinary pieces. At night Callas' favorite rite is to soak leisurely in the bath, steep herself in buckets of cologne, and then (after a careful weigh-in on the bathroom scale) to go to bed "feeling absolutely luscious." Perfumed, glowing and gowned in slinky silk, she lies awake late into the night—studying scores while husband



MOTHER CALLAS
Unhappy



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Meneghini sleeps. Says Callas: "My best hours are in bed, and my best work too, with my dog cuddling beside me and my husband asleep."

Bitter Experience. Meneghini has spent a fortune on her career, but without regrets ("After all, my wife is the greatest singer in the world"). Whenever she goes onstage, he kisses her, utters the customary European good-luck wish, "*Merde*." He presents her with a bright cluster of expensive jewelry every time she sings a new role, gave her an Alfa Romeo ("If an ordinary artist has a Cadillac, how can I own a Cadillac?"), and a four-storied, \$100,000 town house in Milan.

In return, she coats him with 24-carat affection, holds hands with him on the street. "I know what people say," she



RENATA TEBALDI
Unnerved.

says, "I don't care. I've been a good wife, and he's made me very happy. Even women with young husbands are less happy than I am."

To a world laboring under the impression that a prima donna must be corpulent to be operatic, Callas' sensational slimming has caused much shaking of heads and predictions of vocal perdition. But the newly glamorous Maria, thin, relaxed and even daring to taste the pleasures of the idle rich (she sang all night in a Vienna café last summer, for sheer pleasure), has lost not a decibel of power, a note of range, a mote of sweetness.

Soprano Callas has yet to face the ordeal of her Metropolitan debut next week. It is an ordeal that has yielded severe criticisms for such famed prima donnas as Melba, Sembrich, Nordica and Farrar, and conceivably could be a bitter experience for her as well. But Callas has faced bitter experiences before and triumphantly survived them. "People would like to see me flop, just once," she admits. "Well, I can't and I won't. I will never give any satisfaction to my enemies."

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Great Northern is meeting the challenge of today's swifter business and industrial tempo with a new classification yard that utilizes all the miraculous resources of radar and radio, electrons and electricity, men and machines. This is the new Gavin Yard just completed at Minot, North Dakota, gateway to and from the Pacific Northwest, the Great Lakes at Duluth-Superior and the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

At this magnificent new yard, freight trains are classified by sending them "over the hump", then controlling their speeds by radar and electronically controlled

retarders, and promptly dispatching them on their way. Untold hours of switching up and down the line are saved. The result is vastly improved service to shippers -- faster-moving freight, more dependable freight schedules, shipping that protects commodities in transit.

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For illustrated booklet on Gavin Yard, write W. E. Nicholson, General Freight Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minn.



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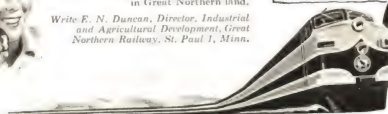
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THE PRESS

Missing Link

To the surprise of the staff, the biggest news at Hearst's Chicago *American* last week broke on its city-room bulletin board: the *American*, with an afternoon circulation of 524,823 and a Sunday edition of 706,407, had been sold to the Chicago *Tribune*. The *Trib* announced that the *American* would go on publishing with its present management. Reported price: about \$12 million, which newsmen called "fantastically high."

The deal made Chicago a missing link in the Hearst chain, which started the *American* in 1900 and once had two dailies publishing there at the same time. But the paper has been losing heavily, and from its sale, Editor in Chief William Randolph Hearst Jr. will be able to give his papers in New York, San Francisco, Boston and Baltimore new presses and production equipment that his modernization program has already brought to the remaining eleven Hearst papers. Chicago sat back to watch how the *Trib* meant to put the *American* into the black.

Taboo

When a woman kidnapped a six-week-old infant from a baby sitter's apartment in Brooklyn a fortnight ago, the police alarm included a detail essential to the hunt for the baby: both the kidnaper and the child were Negroes. But except for the New York *Daily News*, no Manhattan daily so identified the missing baby. And most of the papers buried the kidnaper's race deep in their stories, while the New York *Journal-American* described the hunted woman closely from her missing upper teeth to her open-toed shoes without anywhere mentioning the color of her skin.

The case dramatized the absurd extreme resulting from one approach to a problem that worries thoughtful editors across the U.S.: When should a Negro be so identified in print? The Brooklyn story ended fortunately in the baby's recovery and the arrest of Kidnap Mary Jackson, 35. But in their reluctance to identify a Negro as such, most of the editors not only misled readers who might have offered important clues but also created the false inflammatory impression that a Negro woman had kidnapped a white baby.

Pressure & Ads. The taboo against using the Negro label is the product of pressure groups and the conscientious efforts of newspapers to be fair to a minority. Once it was hardly a problem, since newspapers ran little news about Negroes. But now newspapers are running far more news about the Negro than ever before, partly because of his gradual rise in U.S. society partly because they are wooing him as a reader since his improved economic status has interested advertisers in the Negro market.

Though it varies from one newspaper to another, the ban on racial identification is usually lifted only when the story

1) is favorable, 2) involves a wanted felon, or 3) would make no sense otherwise, e.g., the report of a racial clash. The result: Negroes are seldom identified when they figure in crime stories.

But is a newspaper properly serving either its readers, its community or the interests of the Negro when it masks the fact that there is a heavier crime rate among Negroes than whites? In New York City, for example, it would come as a surprise to most newspaper readers that Negroes comprise 10% of the population but commit about 35% of the crime.² Says a police official in a big California city: "Sixty percent of our crime lies



KIDNAPER MARY JACKSON
Readers were misled.

squarely in [the Negroes'] lap, and the papers ought to show the community what the crime problem is and where it is. It's only fair reporting, no more. It would pressure responsible Negroes into doing something about it.

Says a Los Angeles news executive: "Frankly, I do think there is a tendency in the press to be tender in handling Negro stories. But we are even more chary in using the word 'Mexican' or 'Mexicanescent.'" Says another Los Angeles editor: "Where we run into the most controversy is when we just give the names of boys involved in East Side gang fights. Then we get complaints from Mexican-American groups. We say: 'Well we didn't say Mexican. And their answer is: 'You don't have to.' They want us not to print the names at all."

The fact that the crime rate may be higher among certain minority groups, argue some editors, reflects not on their

² The 1950 Census shows New York City's Negro population at 10% of the total. The crime rate for Negroes is 35% of the total.

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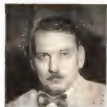
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Why 402 U.S. manufacturers now enjoy 100% tax



Governor Muñoz tells why Puerto Rico offers such amazing incentives to new or expanding manufacturers.

IN THIS statement, I shall try to explain Puerto Rico's economic position as frankly as I would to any manufacturer or labor leader who met me face to face.

Puerto Rico is currently making a determined effort to stand squarely on its own economic feet. At present we do not have nearly enough jobs to support our people. We are therefore directing every energy to create more jobs at home, and to curtail migration to the States.

That is precisely why we are going all out to attract every new plant we possibly can. But, to date, we are still providing only 25% of the new jobs we need each year to keep pace with our expanding labor force. I shall go into details later. But first I want to make two points of my Government's policy absolutely clear:

1. Puerto Rico has no intention of winning industries away from anywhere. We do not grant tax concessions to runaway plants.

2. Puerto Rico's Industrial Development Plan is based on a combination of absolutely ethical incentives. We do not and never will hold out low wages as an attraction to business. My Government's firm philosophy is that wages should rise as rapidly as our economic development permits.

Let me now describe our basic problem in more detail."

Our Problem

"When people talk of over-population as Puerto Rico's biggest headache, they certainly don't exaggerate.

Our unemployment is high. Our income level is still low—only 23% of the U. S. average. And every year 20,000 more workers swell our under-employed labor forces.

But this is probably putting the cart before the horse. Our real problem is not over-population but under-development. What then is our best solution?"

Our Solution

"I am convinced that the answer can only lie in more and more industry. Hence we are pinning our major hopes on our industrial development program, as the main pull of what we call Operation Bootstrap.

From the economic standpoint, Operation Bootstrap has but one simple aim—to develop industry, and in doing so, to encourage U. S. manufacturers to expand their operations to Puerto Rico. Operation Bootstrap is, in fact, a bold attempt to increase the well-being of our whole Commonwealth—workers and employers alike. And lest anyone should fear that my country's program might injure the U. S. economy, let me now sound a reassuring note:

1. The U. S. already has 65 million employed. Puerto Rico only needs to create 150 thousand new jobs to solve its present problem.

2. One half of one percent of normal U. S. industrial expansion would achieve our whole economic program.

I hope these comparisons help to put Puerto Rico's modest needs in proper perspective. But, for good measure, let

me quote a few more figures to show how important a prosperous Puerto Rico is to U. S. business itself:

In 1955, Puerto Rico's purchases from the U. S. rose to \$580,000,000. Without Puerto Rico as a customer, New York's gross sales would have dropped by \$67,000,000; California's by \$34,000,000; New England's by \$53,000,000.

So much for statistics. Now just a word about my people, without whose willing co-operation Operation Bootstrap would merely be a sterile dream."

Bootstrap Underway

"Pay us a visit and I think you will be impressed immediately by the wholehearted faith we Puerto Ricans place in Operation Bootstrap.

We believe in it deeply and thoroughly—and, with practically no exceptions, support its policies right along the line. Thus, I can promise the same eager, cheerful co-operation to every U. S. manufacturer who expands his industry to our Commonwealth.

Scarcely a month goes by that I am not visited by the Mayors of a dozen Puerto Rican towns, all asking for plants to be erected in their areas. There's not a community in all Puerto Rico that would not enthusiastically welcome the arrival of a new factory.

For we all realize that though we have made a promising start up the long, long hill to economic prosperity—the summit is not in sight yet. But the Puerto Rican people have squared up to their challenge and are meeting it in good heart."

in Puerto Rico freedom



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\$ 7,760	\$ 10,000
15,850	25,000
25,180	50,000
51,180	200,000

*Dividends are tax-free only if paid to residents of Puerto Rico by a tax-exempt corporation. Examples are based on Federal rates (Jan. 1, 1958) for single persons.

permanently guarded by all the guarantees of the U. S. Courts and Constitution, too.

As for your local income tax exemption, this is an *added* incentive, offered by the Commonwealth Government to attract new plants that Puerto Rico's economy needs so urgently."

How you gain from a new plant in Puerto Rico

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race but on their living conditions; only by airing the problem can any solution be stimulated. Furthermore, they argue that the public is entitled to full information, that race is as pertinent in many cases as is the fact that a man is a lawyer, doctor or executive. Says one Seattle editor: "Some newspapers are forgetting the readers in their zeal to follow an ideology. We favor integration in the schools, but we believe that in many cases, the readers are entitled to simple descriptions of the persons involved."

Sharp Split. Often newspapers run a picture as a means of evading their role. But this technique can sometimes be misleading. Last week Manhattan's *Daily News* and *Daily Mirror*, reporting the murder of one 15-year-old boy by another, made it plain with a photograph that the offender was a Negro. But in failing in the stories to identify the victim as a Negro, the papers left the reader to speculate whether or not the incident involved whites and reflected racial antagonism.

Sometimes it is hard for editors to decide when they would be justified in using a racial tag. They split sharply two months ago in their handling of agency stories from Germany reporting the court-martial conviction of seven U.S. soldiers for raping a 15-year-old German girl. Wire services reported that all seven were Negroes, but many papers cut that fact from their stories. Some newsmen, such as Executive Editor Milburn P. Akers of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, argued last week that the omission was justified. But Denver Post Managing Editor Mort Stern said: "I felt we owed it to our readers to include that paragraph."

The New York Times edited out the reference to Negroes, but Managing Editor Turner Catledge admitted that "it was a real problem. We were wrong if the crime was brought about by racial tension. But we were never able to satisfy ourselves on that point." Catledge noted that the Times's handling may have created an unfair impression of U.S. occupation troops as a whole. He added: "A real consideration is the fact that the Germans have developed a special dislike for Negro troops because of their acts over there. We might have made the authorities here more aware of that if we had printed the race. But we decided our main duty is to please our readers, not to satisfy officials."

Tabloid Napoleon

Coolidge was in the White House, gin was in the bathtub, and U.S. tabloid journalism was in its bawling, irresponsible infancy. Worst of all, more brazen even than the brassy era it covered, was Publisher Bernard Macfadden's sensational New York *Evening Graphic*. Quickly dubbed the *Porno-Graphic*, the paper assaulted the town with scandal, reported what nobody else would dream of printing, invented what it could not report. Leading the assault from a desk littered with busts of Napoleon was a short (5 ft. 2 in.), lame martinet named Emile Henry Gauvreau, a Connecticut-born newsman of French Canadian-Irish descent. His

brilliance as a reporter and editor made him managing editor of the conservative old Hartford *Courant* at the age of 26. But the *Courant* was too slow for Gauvreau's new ideas. After it fired him, Macfadden lured him to launch the *Graphic*.

Lonely Hearts. The tabloid Napoleon, who sometimes propped his hand in his vest, waged the war for circulation (goal: 1,000,000) with stunts and sensations. The *Graphic* gave toys to the poor in Central Park, filled Madison Square Garden with a "Lonely Hearts Ball." The lonely hearts project was dropped within a year, when a woman deposited a baby on Gauvreau's desk and asked what he proposed to do about it. It had happened after the ball, she said.

Gauvreau's staff ghosted byline stories by goldiggers, gigolos and hootleggers to

by 100,000 with a composograph showing Rudolph Valentino's arrival in heaven. The faked picture came most sensationally into its own when it illustrated the bedroom horseplay of eccentric Millionaire Edward ("Daddy") Browning and his young bride "Peaches," whose litigious romance was a *Graphic* bonanza. The couple was shown in composographs that sometimes contained balloon dialogue even for Daddy's pet goose (see cut).

As circulation mounted to 700,000, Gauvreau posted a bulletin-board communiqué: "The circulation . . . is tearing the guts out of the presses. This has resulted from my policy of sensationalism. Any man who cannot be yellow has no place on the staff."

William Randolph Hearst tried to buy the *Graphic*. When he failed, he hired



DADDY & PEACHES BROWNING IN "GRAPHIC" COMPOSIGRAPH
All the news was unfit to print.

keep his growing readership titillated with "heart balm" suits, gang wars and midnight revelries. Typical headline: HE BEAT ME—I LOVE HIM. When a young mother walked into his office, introducing herself as Nan Britton and her child as the late President Harding's illegitimate daughter, Gauvreau splashed her story. He got the jump on Lindbergh's arrival in Paris before the plane had even been sighted in Ireland by taking a chance on printing and distributing 50,000 papers plastered with the photo of a grinning Lindy and the caption, WELL, I MADE IT. He "exposed" the Atlantic City beauty contest as a "frame-up," thereby pushing the total libel suits filed against the *Graphic* to \$12 million. When the treasurer complained wistfully, Gauvreau cracked: "Take it out of my salary."

Strange Race. Gauvreau also hit on a way to invent pictures that he called "composographs." He boosted circulation

Gauvreau to become managing editor of his *Daily Mirror*. Eight years after the little Napoleon launched it in 1924 and three years after he left it, the *Graphic* crumbled. Gauvreau left the *Mirror* in 1935, wrote books and edited magazines, but after the *Graphic* it all seemed like Elba. Perhaps his most durable contribution to U.S. journalism was a vaudeville hooper named Walter Winchell, whom he launched as a daily columnist. It was a contribution that he bitterly regretted: he soon loathed Winchell, once flung a bust of Napoleon at him.

Last week Gauvreau died in Suffolk, Va., at 61. One of the reflections in his memoirs served as an epitaph for both him and his gaudy era: "I was part of that strange race of people, aptly described as spending their lives doing things they detest to make money they don't want to buy things they don't need to impress people they dislike."

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Around the World in 80 Days [MGM: Todd]. An epidemic of gigantism is currently sweeping the movie world. George Stevens' *Giant*, the latest of the cinematasters, runs well over three hours. *How and How* loses it. *The Ten Commandments*, which Cecil B. DeMille expects to release in the next couple of weeks, tops that by a long quarter-hour. In such company, Producer Michael Todd's mighty slice of Jules Verne's 19th-century globalodyssey (which is only two hours and 45 minutes long, not counting intermissions) seems a relative runt: but what the thing lacks in length it more than makes up in what showmen call "fodder."

For his first independent film production, the man one show-business wag has referred to, with friendly incredulity, as "Todd Almighty," assembled no fewer than 40 stars of stage, screen, radio and TV. Among the bit-players: Charles Boyer, Joe E. Brown, Martine Carol, John Caradine, Charles Coburn, Ronald Colman, Melville Cooper, Noel Coward, Reginald Denny, Marlene Dietrich, Fernandel, Sir John Gielgud, Hermione Gingold, José Greco, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Trevor Howard, Glynis Johns, Buster Keaton, Evelyn Keyes, Beatrice Lillie, Edmund Lowe, Peter Lorre, A. E. Matthews, Robert Morley, Edward R. Murrow, Jack Oakie, George Raft, Cesar Romero, Frank Sinatra, Red Skelton.

And then, of course, there is the supporting cast: 68,894 people and 7,950 animals—including four ostriches, six skunks, 13 elephants, 17 fighting bulls, 512 rhinos, monkeys, 800 horses, 950 burros, 2,448 American buffalo, 3,800 Rocky Mountain sheep and a sacred cow that eats flowers

on cue. The film took 34 directors 106 days to make on 112 locations and 120 sets in 13 countries. And the wardrobe department alone spent \$410,000 to provide 74,687 costumes and 16,002 trinkets, while Todd's makeup men claim to have glued 15,612 beards—including a number of magnificent Dundrearies—presumably to the same number of chins.

To top it all off, Producer Todd took his picture on the world's largest film—exactly twice as wide (70 mm.) as the normal Hollywood stock—and has projected it on one of the world's largest indoor screens—a vast concave gullet that opens almost as wide as Cinemascope and possesses much of the same power to suck the spectator out of his seat. Not content with that, Todd flooded this huge surface with a light almost twice as intense as any ever seen onscreen before, and so hot that the film has to be refrigerated as it passes through the Todd-AO projector.

The wonder is that this Polyphemus of productions does not simply collapse of its own overweight; but, thanks principally to Showman Todd, the picture skips along with an amazing lightness—like a fat lady winning a cha-cha contest. As a travelogue, *Around the World* is at least as spectacular as anything Cinemascope has slapped together. The customer is offered an album of house-high snapshots of summer in Paris, *corridos* in Spain, religious festivals in India, a Wild West show in the hoariest Hollywood tradition; and at one point he is even permitted to witness a sight that the 19th century would cheerfully have given its right sideburn to see: Queen Victoria in bed.

N. J. Perelman's script,* moreover, is a

© A credit now being contested in court by Scriptwriter James Fox.



N.Y. Daily Mirror. (Illustration)
PRODUCER TODD & FRIEND
Four domes went up in flames.

deft, witty spoof of Verne's book, which in turn was a spoof of the English, so that the moviegoer often experiences the refined pleasures of laughing at a man who is laughing at somebody else. The main roles are competently carried out by David Niven, Shirley MacLaine and the late Robert Newton, and most of the big stars are effectively scattered about the picture, like sequins on an elephant. But the star of stars is the famous Mexican comic, Cantinflas. In his first U.S. movie, he gives delightful evidence that he may well be as Charles Chaplin once said he was, "the world's greatest clown."

Except for his size, there is nothing small about trash, bouncy, blue-eyed, wisecracking Mike Todd. Confessing last week that *Around the World* had cost him \$6,000,000, Showman Todd apologized, "I'm ashamed to admit it, it cost so little. Take *The Ten Commandments*. That cost \$1,000,000—a commandment."

In addition to pouring cash and energy into the film, Todd demonstrated that he could put the stamp of his personality on it. It is brassy, extravagant, long-winded and funny. The Todd personality has been developed over a career dedicated to an unremitting pursuit of the elusive buck.

He was born Avrom Hirsch Goldbogen in Minneapolis, the son of an impoverished Polish rabbi, grew up in Chicago to become Mike Todd, his own special creation. He got off to a fast start at eight, playing poker and shooting dice. At twelve he was running an established but impermanent floating crap game. Since then in one way or another, he has never stopped gambling. He asserts, probably correctly, that he is the only man ever to lose a race track on a horse race.

He began in show business by combining sex and spectacle at the 1943 Chicago World's Fair. His show was called the

* *Commandments*: Livorath, Taylor.



CANTINFAS, DAVID NIVEN, SHIRLEY MACLAINE

Also 68,894 people, four ostriches, six skunks and a number of Dunderbergs.



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Flame Dance. A girl dressed in gauzy wings, representing a moth, danced closer and closer to a huge candle until she caught fire and ran off apparently naked. Says Todd: "I burned up four girls before I got it." It was a hit. After that there were other hits, other flops, but almost all had either sex or spectacle or both. He did *The Hot Mikado* ("The only show I ever produced that I liked"). *Star and Garter*, his first Broadway smash hit, Cole Porter's *Mexican Hayride*, *Catherine Was Great* with Mae West, the G.I. *Hamlet* with Maurice Evans, and an involuntary bit in court, where he was declared bankrupt. Continuing to live lavishly, Todd said, "I was a million in the hole. What was I supposed to do, cut down on my cigars?"

Six years ago Todd helped lead the big-screen revolution when he got into the movie business in a big way with Cinerama. When he got out of Cinerama at a pleasant profit he parlayed the entire packet on a process he thought even better, Todd-AO. When he got out of Todd-AO, he put it all on *Around the World*, had to borrow more to make the distance. Two days before the opening, as he was struggling to raise the last \$162,000 for the final payment, a syndicate offered to buy him out for \$10 million plus 20% of the profits. Todd refused. "I gambled right up to the wire," he said. "I'll keep going with it."

Todd has never had a hit of such potential dimensions. Having gotten *Around the World*, he is now sitting on top of it. His plans? Says the man who is pushing so as if he intends to knock it over: "As soon as the excitement dies down. I'm going to have a nervous breakdown. I worked for it. I owe it to myself and nobody is going to deprive me of it."

Wee Georgie (Gilliat & Lounder; George K. Arthur). "ARE YOU UNDER-SIZED? LET ME MAKE A DIFFERENT MAN OF YOU!" Wee Georgie's heart gave a glorious thump as he read the ad in the *Drumfreckan Clarion*. He was undersized indeed; so wee a hairn of ten years old was hardly to be seen in all the glen. At school he had to stand on a box to reach the blackboard, and when he went walking with honny Jean, she was half a head taller than he. That very night, with the courage of desperation, the thrifty young Scotsman scraped his last bob from the back of the bureau drawer and sent off for the Henry Samson Body-Building Course.

It came; or rather, the first lesson came—a fine, fat envelope that proved to contain a small booklet of simple exercises and a mighty stack of inspirational literature ("Today I may be frail and weak But soon I shall be tough as teak").

Wee Georgie was inspired, and away he rushed, as fast as his skinny little legs would carry him, down "the royal road to health and fitness." To the horror of his parents, the road seemed to be paved with *Exd*. To the certain delight of millions of moviegoers, it has also been promoted by British Moviemakers Sidney

Gilliat and Frank Lounder with some grand comic surprises.

Ten years passed, ten years of unremitting sweat, in which Wee Georgie threw a sockful of good shillings after bad exercises. And what had he got to show for all of his trouble? Well, as a matter of fact, he was just about 6 ft. 6 and hard as bricks. Whether by the grace of God or the works of Henry Samson, Wee Georgie (Bill Travers) turned out to be the biggest and the brawniest laddie from Ecclefechan to Papa Westray. He was a nice, gentle giant—or, depending on the point of view, a big dumb ox. He thought of nothing but his muscles, and as far as honny Jean (Norah Gersen)



BILL TRAVERS AS WEE GEORGIE
From frail and weak to tough as teak.

could tell, he would rather grab a bar bell than a girl.

One day Henry Samson wrote Georgie a letter that contained a revolutionary proposal: now that you have all that muscle, why not use it for some practical purpose? "In Scotland," Samson went on, "the tendency is to throw things. I think you should throw something, Georgie." Georgie was electrified. He promptly picked up a sledge hammer and threw it halfway to the coast of Norway. The laird (Alastair Sim) happened at the time to be stalking a capercaillie in the gorse, saw the thing go flying by, and nigh jumped out of his baggy tweeds. In no time at all, Georgie was winding up for his first throw at the *Drumfreckan* games.

Georgie threw, and Georgie won by such an impressive margin that he was hailed away to Australia with the British Olympic team, but there at last he met his match: a 6-ft. lady shotputter named Helga. What happens next is probably the meatiest love affair known to show business since Barnum publicized Jumbo

and Alice, and it is certainly one of the funniest in years. The moviegoer should have a thoroughly silly good time just sitting and watching two people make beautiful muscles together.

The Best Things in Life Are Free (20th Century-Fox). The trouble with most movies that tell the success story of a famous figure in show business is that they are all success and no story; the producers all too often eliminate the key facts of the fellow's life at the insistence of lawyers and relatives, or even in the interests of good taste. To correct this defect, Author John (Ten North Frederick) O'Hara has developed an idea that may in future save the public ear from being so painfully chewed by Hollywood's more persistent ego beavers. He has written a "biopic" without a bio. The heroes of this latest vanity film are Lew Brown, Ray Henderson and the late Buddy de Sylva, the well-known Tin Pan Alley team of the '20s. But the story is the story of three other guys: O'Hara just made it up. Furthermore, he made it (with the help of William Bowers and Phoebe Ephron) into pretty much the sort of simple-minded, dimple-kneed doo-hickey a musicomedy book should be.

According to the film, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson (Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine and Dan Dailey) were Broadway characters as salty as the waiters in *Lindy's*, and for most of the distance they give the customer a pretty fair run for his money. MacRae lays his wad on fast women, Borgnine on slow horses, and Dailey gives his paycheck to the ever-loving wife. But they all get together to write pretty little ditties (*Sonny Boy*, *Black Bottom*, *Button Up Your Overcoat*, *Birth of the Blues*), and Sherce North is usually around to sing them. The show glides along, smooth as a Detroit Air Cooled ("buoyant roadability")—a dependable vehicle for those who long to be carried back to the days when the girls did the flea hop in short skirts, and the demand for violin cases was curiously in excess of the demand for violins.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Giant. In a big (3 hrs. 18 min.), tough picture based on Edna Ferber's best-seller about Texas, Director George Stevens digs the rowels of social satire into the soft underbelly of U.S. materialism; with Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean (TIME, Oct. 22).

Lost for Life. Perhaps the finest film biography of an artist (Vincent van Gogh) ever made in Hollywood; almost a hundred of Van Gogh's paintings are shown in full, culminating color on the screen; with Kirk Douglas (TIME, Sept. 24).

War and Peace. An uneven but brilliantly pictorial treatment of Tolstoy's great novel, with some outstandingly good battle pieces; with Henry Fonda, Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer (TIME, Sept. 10).

Bus Stop. Don Murray ropes, brands and corrals expert Comedienne Marilyn Monroe in a rowdy version of William Inge's Broadway hit (TIME, Sept. 31).

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EDUCATION

The Rebels

Had they been in another profession, the actions of Mary Schoenheit, 47, of Centertown, Mo., and William Cheney, 35, of Eldon, Mo., might not have caused much stir. But Mrs. Schoenheit was formerly a public-school teacher in Illinois, and Cheney now teaches at the Eldon high school. This fall they independently decided to keep their seven-year-old daughters out of school and teach them at home. Reason: both felt that the local public schools are not doing a good enough job.

According to Mary Schoenheit, "our public schools are antiquated institutions



TEACHER SCHOENHEIT & DAUGHTER
Mary had a little jam.

consuming our children's lives and our money and giving us in return trained seals who balance balls on their noses and bark at the right signal." Each pupil must progress at the same rate, and the result is that the school "molds little minds in the same groove, standardizes the children and stifles initiative." For the last month Mrs. Schoenheit has been giving her little Mary lessons in writing, reading, spelling, arithmetic, history and geography. She has also added Spanish and violin lessons. "Mary," she insists, "has done very well under my program."

William Cheney has another set of complaints. For one thing, says he, "the school board insists that we have no authority over our daughter Stefanie once the child has been left at the school grounds." Besides, "standards are all too low, if you can determine a standard at all. Stefanie enjoys doing her work speedily, and the sense of accomplishment resulting from it. The child is eager to learn, but at school she was being forced to go slower than she wanted to." At home,

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working with her mother under her father's supervision. Steffanie has already finished most of her second-grade work. "She can set her own pace," says Cheney. "There is no pushing, but at the same time she is not being held back."

Last week Mrs. Schoenheit, who has no Missouri teaching certificate, was brought into court, sentenced to ten days in jail and fined \$5 for willfully refusing to enter her daughter in the public school. After three hours she surrendered, but once released, decided to appeal her case and keep Mary out of school until the circuit court takes action. Meanwhile, Missouri's other rebel also still had his daughter at home. Unlike Mrs. Schoenheit, William Cheney has a Missouri certificate to teach, and Missouri law requires only that a child receive the equivalent of a public-school education. Unless the authorities find that Steffanie is not getting that education, Cheney can have his way indefinitely.

Report Card

¶ In an indirect reply to Psychologist Frank McGurk of Villanova University, who claimed in *U.S. News & World Report* that Negroes have less capacity for education than whites, 13 psychologists and social scientists from such institutions as Harvard, Columbia, Michigan and the Menninger Foundation flatly denied the McGurk thesis. Though Negro children generally do not do as well in school as the whites, said the 13, their showing has nothing to do with native intelligence, but is only the result of inferior background and schooling. "The conclusion is inescapable that any decision to use differences of the average achievement of the two racial groups as a basis for classifying in advance any individual child, Negro or white, is scientifically unjustified."

¶ The powerful National Education Association appealed to Presidential Candidates Eisenhower and Stevenson to give teachers the same tax breaks as other professionals. The N.E.A.'s argument: if a lawyer goes to a legal seminar or tax institute, he can deduct his expenses; the same goes for a doctor or dentist attending a medical convention. But in all but a few cases, teachers who go to summer school can deduct nothing. "It is just as important," said the N.E.A., "for teachers to continue their professional development as for doctors and lawyers to keep up with new medical techniques or legal interpretations."

¶ Appointment of the week: Quaker Hugh Borton, 53, to succeed Geographer Gilbert White as president of the nation's oldest Quaker college, Haverford. A Haverford graduate ('26), Borton studied at Tokyo Imperial University (now Tokyo University), got his Ph.D. at the State University of Leyden in The Netherlands. From 1942 to 1948, he served in the State Department, rose to be chief of the Division of Northeast Asian Affairs. When Haverford picked him out of 250 candidates, he was professor of Japanese and director of the East Asian Institute at Columbia University.

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By a Subscriber

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ART



ARTIST JOHN TRUMBULL'S "THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE"

Gentleman John Trumbull

It was his sisters' needlework that first attracted John Trumbull to art. His father found the attraction inappropriate on two counts: first, young John had lost the use of one eye in a childhood accident, and second, he was a gentleman. Picture-making, for the handsome son of the governor of Connecticut, was unthinkable. Accordingly, odd John was packed off to Harvard for polishing. There, however, he called on the greatest of American portraitists, John Singleton Copley, and painted and copied all the pictures he could. He was one of the first male American aristocrats to take brush in hand (Copley came from Boston's waterfront).

He was also one of the first important American painters.

John Trumbull's great talent for mirroring the sunrise of the U.S. was made apparent last week by a big retrospective exhibition at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Conn. More than 100 of his works were assembled for the show, marking the bicentennial of Trumbull's birth in Lebanon, Conn. Together they testified that Trumbull's reputation deserves to grow, for it does not yet match his just deserts.

A Soldier's Pet. Trumbull came into his own on the outbreak of the Revolution, with his valuable ability to make military maps. This talent, plus his father's connections, helped him rise. He

served in the Continental Army for a year and a half (including a few weeks as Washington's aide-de-camp). Then, disappointed that the commission making him a full colonel at the age of 20 was postdated by three months, he resigned. "A soldier's honor," Trumbull haughtily informed Congress, "forbids the idea of giving up the least pretension of rank."

Though he thus barred himself from the fighting, Trumbull dreamed of recording it for posterity. In London he made a pilgrimage to the studio of compatriot Painter Benjamin West, who urged that Trumbull stick to small pictures that his one eye could compass. This led Trumbull to compress heroic compositions into canvases more concentrated and powerful than West's own. Returning after the Revolution, he traveled from New Hampshire to South Carolina to portray the VIPs of a Very Important Period, and to sketch the quieted battlefields.

A Painter's Part. Best of the lot, perhaps, was Trumbull's small *Declaration of Independence* (see cut). (The Athenaeum was unable to borrow the actual painting from the Yale University Art Gallery, but it did exhibit a later version.) In only 30 inches of width, Yale's picture contains 48 portrait figures, all grouped naturally and convincingly in a manner suited to the solemn occasion. Among them, at the table before John Hancock, stand John Adams, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. The painting is a set piece, but Trumbull succeeded in conveying something of its suppressed excitement in the zigzag arrangement of heads and the winglike banners at the back.

Though Trumbull eventually turned to business and hack portraiture to support his declining years, he could well boast, in a letter to Jefferson, of "having borne personally a humble part in the great events which I was to describe."

BRAQUE: THE COOL FIRE-SPITTER

WHEN French Painter Georges Braque walked into Pablo Picasso's cluttered Montmartre studio on the Rue Ravignan 40 years ago, he saw on the easel a painting unlike anything he had ever imagined. Said Picasso fiercely: "This is going to cause a big noise." And Picasso was right; his crosshatched galaxy of pink nudes, *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, ranks today as a turning point in art. But at the time, all that flabbergasted Georges Braque could say was, "You are trying to make us drink petrol in order to spit fire!"

The meeting in 1907 started one of the closest collaborations in art history, and Georges Braque went on to become the purest fire-spitter of all. His greatness is displayed this week in an 87-painting retrospective at London's Tate Gallery. The show reaches back to the beginning, to such paintings as *Trees at L'Estaque* (see opposite), which is one of the first Cubist paintings. While Braque was creating it, Picasso was following the same route. So the two joined forces, as Braque puts it, "like mountaineers roped together," and in five brilliant years of cubism proceeded to tear down some 400 years of art convention and mount the 20th-century revolution in art.

Today the greatest living French artist is 74, silver-haired and slightly stooped. Georges Braque still likes to recall the all-night sessions of talk, drink and accordion playing at the

Montmartre bistro-dance hall Chez Frédéric and to talk fondly of his and Picasso's revolution. "Cubism still exerts a strong influence," he says. "Its possibilities are far from being exhausted. Cubism was not so much a new system, but rather a new 'forme d'esprit.' Of course, many fakers and would-be artists have tried their hands; they have cubized all nature. But true artists still find new inspirations in cubism."

Braque, whose collaboration with Picasso ended when he went to war in 1914, kept in his postwar work only so much of the early cubism as helped him toward the summit of his ambition—"the painting of space." Says Braque: "A still life lends itself particularly well to this effort. You should have the feeling that the objects almost stand out from the canvas, that you can physically touch them."

The long effort to conquer space has brought Braque in his final years to his recent *Studio VIII*, which incorporates the whole range of past paintings, studio props and objects. His new central symbol is an anonymous bird. It is like all Braque's subjects, the visual image of his outstanding qualities—taste and purity. "In the old days," Braque explains, "I used guitars, tables, carafes, sand and wallpaper to express what I had to say. Now it is the bird which helps me to explain myself." With a smile he adds, "I started on the ground, and now I am slowly moving up toward the sky."



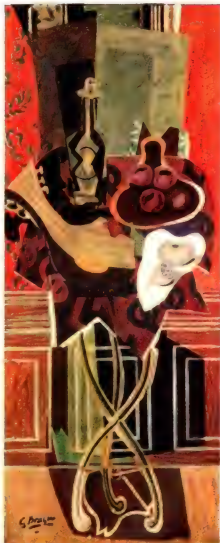
BRAQUE'S "Trees at L'Estaque," 1908, shows Cézanne's influence in

reducing landscape to geometric forms. Critics dubbed it "Cubism."



"STUDIO VIII," completed in 1955, is crowded studio scene with flying bird.

in which Braque tried to sum up all his painting discoveries in just one picture.



"STILL LIFE ON A TABLE" is theme Braque has used repeatedly since 1918. This version, on which he worked from 1939 to 1952, ranks as most elegant.



TRANSPORT HELICOPTERS leapfrog behind enemy lines, giving new mobility to tactics of the atomic-age Army. Big Sikorsky H-34s carry troops, rocket launchers or other cargo. At right above are a Bell H-13, helicopter, and Cessna 1-19, both small reconnaissance aircraft.

How Can America Continue to Have Army Aircraft Second to None

Superiority in modern weapons is America's best hope for lasting peace. But these weapons—notably aircraft—are so complex that they take years to progress from the drafting board to service with the armed forces.

Today the U. S. Army, Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps have aircraft second to none. This leadership was achieved by vigorous programs of research, development, and production extending over many years. Only if these programs proceed without interruption can America continue to excel in air strength.

Some idea of the importance of Army aviation is indicated on these pages. Today's Army must be mobile as never before to carry out modern battle tactics. Fast changing combat operations call for new techniques of reconnaissance and observation from the sky. Years of research and development lie behind specialized aircraft built to do these jobs. Tomorrow's aircraft, because of even greater requirements, will take still longer and cost still more. Yet if America is to remain free, U. S. military Air Power must continue to be superior to that of any potential aggressor.

How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

"Sky Cavalry"—new Army units to provide intelligence—have proved themselves in trial during recent maneuvers. Helicopters and small fixed-wing aircraft make up the core of "SkyCav" units, which seek information on enemy actions and relay the intelligence back, using airborne television as well as photo, radar, and radio facilities. Army aviation does a big job also in other observation and survey work, and in medical airlift, transport of men and supplies in combat zones, laying of telephone wire, and command and courier missions.

Most versatile of Army aircraft is the helicopter—the jack of all trades which can fly almost anywhere and needs no airfields. Helicopters came of age during Korean combat, saving countless lives, hauling men and cargo to win victory in battle. The Army's Sikorsky H-19 first flew in 1950, and was the only Army transport helicopter in the Korean war. Today the larger Sikorsky H-34 with twice the carrying capacity is serving the Army at home and overseas, paying off for all the years of research and development.

How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Giant helicopters and other aircraft for tomorrow's Army aviation are today on drawing boards, in research test cells, or at flight test fields where their advanced capabilities are being proved. A new Sikorsky helicopter, the H-37, is an example of the advanced aircraft to play a major part in Army aviation in the future. The two-engined H-37—the size of many of today's airliners—is designed to carry 28 combat-ready soldiers, or about three tons of cargo. But as with every advanced and complex modern aircraft, it has taken a long time to get the H-37 through research and development to the production phase—in this instance about five years.

Only by uninterrupted programs of research, development, and production can America continue to have Army aircraft second to none.



TOMORROW'S HELICOPTERS such as this Sikorsky H-37 will pay off for all the years of research and development that lie behind it. The twin-engined H-37, largest Sikorsky helicopter, will carry a military payload of three tons.



YOUNG MEN: Opportunities for interesting careers in Army Aviation are available for qualified young men. For full information, contact any Army recruiting office.

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RUGGED, designed for short unimproved runways, DeHavilland Otter carries 13 people, is Army's largest fixed-wing aircraft. Engine is famous Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Wasp.



SLEEK COURIER aircraft, the Army's twin-engined Beech L-23 cruises at about 300 m.p.h. Carrying six passengers, the L-23 is used primarily on command and liaison missions.



UTILITY HELICOPTERS like this Hiller H-23B can observe enemy activities, rescue and evacuate wounded, lay phone lines. They carry an observer or two litter patients plus the pilot.



CARGO can be carried by helicopters in a net or sling, or inside. Here a Vertol H-21 personnel and cargo carrier hauls ammunition. A Wright Cyclone engine powers the two rotors.



VERSATILITY of the Army's Sikorsky H-19 transport helicopters was proved in Korea combat. They saved lives, carried supplies and personnel. More than 1000 helicopters of this basic model have been built.



ENDLESS RESEARCH in engines, controls, blade design and other features increases helicopter performance, makes them more useful. Stamina of new rotor blades is proved at Sikorsky on this whirl test stand.

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SPORT

Midseason Form

The Southwest's two top teams met last week when Texas A. & M.'s rugged squad took on Texas Christian's poised veterans. T.C.U. was a solid favorite to win. For most of the game, played in a driving rain, T.C.U. made the odds-makers look good. The Aggies were bottled deep in their own territory by fumbles, threw back repeated T.C.U. goal-line assaults, finally yielded a touchdown on a pass play in the third quarter. But then A. & M.'s little (150 lbs.) Halfback Don Watson, who beat T.C.U. last year with a 51-yd. run, caught fire. Starting from his 43-yd. line, he scooted around left end and squirmed and squirted to a first down on the T.C.U. 20. Four plays later he lobbed a soggy pass to the goal line for the score. The extra point gave the game to the Aggies, 7-6, and made them the team to beat for the conference title.

¶ In the East, Syracuse, sparked by the bullying runs of a 212-lb. halfback named Jimmy Brown, battered its way to a 7-0 win over a stubborn Army team. Ivy League favorite Yale, held to a single touchdown in the first half, started punching gaping holes in the outmanned Cornell line, won 25-7. Second-ranked Princeton matched Colgate touchdown for touchdown for three periods, then got its smoothly deceptive attack functioning to win 28-20. Columbia Quarterback Claude Benham threaded his long passes past Harvard's defenders, led his team to a 26-20 upset victory.

¶ Michigan State rolled over and around Notre Dame. As usual, State was no better than tied (7-7) at the half, as usual roared out after Coach Daugherty's briefing to massacre the enemy. With State's three sets of backs blasting out the yard-

age, they swamped the Irish 47-14. With Fullback John Herrnstein scoring three touchdowns, Michigan rolled to a 34-20 victory over stubborn Northwestern, established itself as a leading candidate for the Rose Bowl. (Michigan State is ineligible as last year's winner.) Penn State, throttling Ohio State's vaunted ground attack (which had averaged 333 yds. a game in victories over Nebraska, Stanford and Illinois), scored the upset of the week with a slim but well-earned 7-6 victory. Oklahoma, which had not been scored on in eight regular season games, was momentarily startled when Kansas matched its first-period touchdown, later turned on its explosive power to win its 34th straight game by a score of 34-12.

¶ On the coast, undefeated U.S.C. spotted Washington a one-touchdown lead in the first quarter, then powered its way to a surprisingly easy 35-7 victory. Stanford jammed the Oregon attack and, with Quarterback John Brodie in fine touch, scored a workmanlike 21-7 win.

¶ Still looking like the class of the South, undefeated Georgia Tech shredded a beefy but inexperienced Auburn line, shook its fleet backs loose on long scoring strikes, won going away, 28-7. Mississippi was knocked from the undefeated ranks by an underdog Tulane team, 10-3. North Carolina finally won its first game under its new coach, Jim Tatum, by defeating (34-6) Tatum's former team, Maryland—which has taken almost nothing but beatings since Tatum left.

Javelin Made Easy

In unnumbered undershirt and baggy slacks, the pudgy, 49-year-old Spaniard looked more like a masseur than an athlete. Felix Erauzquin picked up a javelin, held it behind his back, spun around



United Press

JAVELIN THROWER ERAUZZQUIN
Where it fell, nobody knows.

twice, and let it go. The javelin traveled 273 ft. 6 in.—only 11½ in. short of the world's record.

All over Europe last week, javelin-throwers were trying Erauzquin's new technique. Results were phenomenal. Training with the Finnish Olympic team, 26-year-old Antti Seppala got off a 270-ft. toss. In France, 165-ft. javelin-throwers hit 230 ft. At week's end Norwegian Egil Danielsen repaired to a field (the local stadium was too small), whirled three times, and flung the javelin 304 ft. 1.68 in., nearly 30 ft. farther than the world's record of 274 ft. 5½ in. claimed by Poland's Janusz Sidlo.

Major problem of the new technique: nobody can control the javelin's direction. Around and around it goes, and where it lands, nobody knows. No spectator is safe. Other javeliners are outraged. Said Czech Olympic Star Dana Zatopekova: "If this method is accepted, I will personally break my javelin and use it as supports for tomato plants." So far, the Olympic authorities have been too amazed to pronounce final judgment. But as of now nobody can find anything in the rules against it.

Land of the Rising Homer

The Brooklyn Dodgers were not safe anywhere. In their first game in Japan, they lost.

Sixteen Dodgers struck out. Duke Snider fanned three times, walked once and was trapped off base. Opposing hitters got to Pitchers Don Drysdale and Don Bessent for four home runs. With his team one run down in the ninth, Catcher Roy Campanella hunched at the plate, dazedly watched a third called strike whip by. Final score: Yomiuri Giants 5, Brooklyn Dodgers 4.

They won the next one. But the day after that, they lost again—this time to the Japan All-Stars, 6-1.

In their tour of Japan last fall, the New York Yankees were undefeated in 16 games.



United Press

MICHIGAN'S PACE VAULTS THE NORTHWESTERN LINE
A jump toward the Rose Bowl.



Thomas Kearns, Traffic Manager for Garrett Corp.'s AiResearch Div., in high-altitude lab. He tells

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The U.S. gross national product soared to a record-smashing rate of \$413 billion in the third quarter, some \$47 billion higher than during the second quarter, the President's Council of Economic Advisers reported last week. The general increase in business was reflected in third-quarter earnings. Despite the steel strike, many a company reported record profits; only a few were down, and few of those were seriously hurt.

Naturally, steel was hardest hit by the 35-day strike. Youngstown Sheet & Tube's earnings dropped to \$3,381,000 in the '56 third quarter from \$11,240,677 a year ago, while Crucible Steel's net tumbled from \$7,552,293 to \$510,226. Nevertheless, Crucible's net for the first nine months stood at \$8,597,020, only a little less than last year's, and Youngstown's three-quarters figure totaled \$24,904,000 v. \$29,247,179 last year. Last week, as autos, freight cars, tankers, schools and heavy construction scrambled for scarce steel, the industry scheduled all-out production at 101.7% of capacity and promised to end the year with a blaze.

Flip-Top Fillip. The big surge in consumer buying also sent profits soaring. Giant General Electric turned in third-quarter earnings of \$47,863,000 v. \$45,127,000 a year ago, and reported its most prosperous nine months ever (earnings of \$160,727,000 on volume of \$2,962,780,000). In the third quarter General Foods' net of \$10,593,632 was only fractionally higher than the \$10,356,780 earned the same period a year ago, but for its six months ending Sept. 30, the company chalked up its highest-ever sales (\$468,593,496) and earnings (\$23,429,942). Spurred on by the success of its Marlboro line and its new Philip Morris flip-top box, Philip Morris also boosted third-quarter profits to \$3,437,834 (v. \$3,370,626 a year ago).

In chemicals, there were more drops than rises. American Cyanamid's third-



NEW PLYMOUTH BELVEDERE
To the industry, a challenge.

quarter earnings rose 24% over last year's to \$10,751,819, and Atlas Powder went from \$928,010 in '55 to \$1,059,291 in '56's third quarter. But Union Carbide & Carbon fell to \$32,148,446 (from \$37,821,591 last year); Du Pont dropped to \$1.99 a share from \$2.26 in last year's third quarter; Allied Chemical & Dye declined 26% to a net of \$9,498,821.

Solid Cement. The building-materials industry was also a mixed bag. Despite peak sales, Johns-Manville reported a drop in third-quarter income to \$6,967,861 v. \$7,178,801 a year ago. But the cement-makers were up: Consolidated Cement netted \$584,400 v. \$465,200 a year ago; General Portland Cement earned \$2,441,500 compared with \$2,086,000; Penn-Dixie Cement rose 23% over last year's third quarter to \$2,920,351.

Radio Corp. of America set a sales record of \$286,036,000 for the quarter, bettering last year's mark by 13%; nevertheless saw earnings drop 12% to \$7,856,000. But one major factor in RCA's profit drop—the cost of launching color TV—was taking a sharp turn for the better. Board Chairman David Sarnoff reported last week. Since the first week in September, color sales to dealers have tripled. By last week growing demand had forced RCA to put its Bloomington and Indianapolis, Ind. color plants on overtime, and the company asked its cabinet suppliers to step up output.

AUTOS

Year of Decision

"I've seen the competition's cars and I've seen ours," chortled a San Francisco Chrysler dealer last week. "We're headed for a terrific year." Around the U.S., Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler dealers were getting their first 1957 models, and to a man they were wreathed in smiles. For the first time in years, they thought that Chrysler Corp. had a better-than-even chance to cut into the lead of Ford and General Motors right down the line. At a cost of some \$300 million for new models, Chrysler was making an all-out effort with its 1957 models to get back in the thick of the auto race.

In Chrysler's 1957 line, every car is new from grille to tailfins, is lower and sportier-looking. To go with the design changes, Chrysler has bigger engines, a new "Torque-Flite" automatic transmission with three speeds instead of two, a new "Torsion-Air" suspension system for a smoother ride and better cornering.

❑ Plymouth has a 48-h.p. boost, to 235 h.p., in the big "Fury" V-8 engine, a 3-in.-longer wheel base (118 in.), and is so low that one dealer cracked: "If the price is as low as the car, we can't lose."

❑ Dodge has 80-h.p. boost, to 310 h.p., on its biggest "Red Ram" V-8 engine, and a longer (122-in. wheel base), lower (57 in.) body.

❑ DeSoto has a 40-h.p. boost, to 290 h.p., brand-new styling, and a third, lower-priced model called the Firesweep, in order to compete better against Mercury, medium-priced Oldsmobile and Buick.

❑ Chrysler, which along with the company's highest-priced Imperial line, goes up 45 h.p., to a top 325 h.p., has another 3½ in. chopped off the height (down to 57 in.) but no change from last year's 126-in. wheel base. Like DeSoto, Chrysler will add a third line, the Saratoga, which will fit in between its Windsor and high-priced New Yorker lines as competition for the big Buicks and Oldsmobiles.

"Grow or Die." How well the new cars go over may well determine the company's whole future. No one knows better than President L. L. ("Tex") Colwell the one inviolate axiom of the auto industry: Grow or die. So far, Chrysler has slowly



NEW HUDSON HORNET
To the motorist, more power.

TIME CLOCK

been weakening. After the poor 1954 model, which dropped Chrysler's share of the market to a bare 12.9%, a succession of new designs and higher-powered cars in 1955 and 1956 have only won back a 16.5% share of the market. But in 1957, Chrysler will be loaded for bear. Cautiously, Colbert himself says only that "our sales targets have been projected on the basis of an expected steadily increasing demand for our products." But Chrysler's brass clearly expects at least a 20% slice in 1957.

With its advanced styling and scheduled \$1 billion expansion program, the company thinks it has solved its product and plant problems. Though Chrysler has not released prices yet, it hints broadly that they will be more competitive in 1957, especially Plymouth, which will probably average smaller boosts than Ford or Chevrolet (TIME, Oct. 22). The big remaining problem is still Chrysler's dealer organization. Chrysler dealers have been slow to make attractive deals, hesitate to switch over from old-fashioned high markup on a small number of sales to low markup on high volume.

Three, Not One. To pep up its dealer organization, Chrysler is working on a plan to set up separate dealerships for Plymouth, currently sold by Chrysler, Dodge and DeSoto dealers, will also put together a corporate marketing organization under Automotive Group Vice President William C. Newberg. It will bring top management closer to dealers, try to take some of the load off divisional and regional sales managers. Says one Chrysler executive: "We want them to sell three cars and make \$100 on each rather than sell one car and try to make \$300."

Watching Chrysler's struggles, Detroit's automakers are almost as anxious for success as the company itself. For one thing, top-flight competition has always resulted in a bigger overall auto market. For another, both Ford and General Motors are worried about monopoly charges by the Justice Department if Chrysler's percentage of auto sales should slip. Chrysler is determined to set their minds at ease. Growls blunt-talking Edgar C. Row, former boss of Chrysler Corp. of Canada, who took over the No. 2 spot under Tex Colbert last July: "From now on, every s.o.b. who sells another make of car is our enemy."

Two other 1957 entries last week:

☛ **Mercury**, which spent \$100 million on design, engineering and tooling, has finally broken completely away from Ford with a new body of its own based on the experimental XM-Turnpike Cruiser. Mercury will be 5 in. longer, 3 in. wider and 4 in. lower than last year's model, is going in for upswep tailfins and higher horsepower, with a boost from 225 h.p. to 290 h.p. in the biggest V-8 engine. Some other changes: a pushbutton automatic transmission control and the auto industry's first air-cushion rear suspension,

SMALL-BUSINESS LOANS will be speeded up by Small Business Administration to ease tight-money squeeze. S.B.A. now will allow its 15 regional directors to approve credit up to \$100,000 (v. \$50,000 limit before), provided private banks put up 25% of the credit. Administration expects record 700 loan applications in October v. previous peak of 514 last June.

KOHLER CO., strike-bound for past 2½ years, has won round in its battle with Walter Reuther's U.A.W. N.L.R.B. examiner threw out unfair-labor-practice charges against Wisconsin plumbing-equipment maker because three U.A.W. trustees failed to sign non-Communist affidavits. However, full N.L.R.B. must still rule on case.

ANTITRUST COMPLAINTS are being filed by Federal Trade Commission against three of the biggest U.S. dairies (National Dairy Products, Beatrice Foods, Borden Co.) charging they eliminated competition by acquiring 251 smaller dairies since 1951. FTC also is investigating several grocery chains.

WEST GERMAN EXPORTS to U.S. are running 29% ahead of last year, reaching \$301 million in first eight months of 1956. Some big gainers are rolling-mill products (up 145% in the first half), glassware (up 142%), semfinished textiles (up 88%), autos (up 86%).

NICKEL STOCKPILING will be halted on Jan. 1 for first time since Korean war. Office of Defense Mobilization thinks new sources of supply from Canada and Cuba will soon lick shortage of defense metal, already has big enough hoard to divert 25 million lbs. of nickel slated for stockpile to private industry in fourth quarter of 1956.

SUEZ RATES for war-risk insurance on cargo passing through canal are back down to pre-crisis levels. Minimum rates are now 10¢

per \$280 of value v. 45¢ a fortnight ago and 80¢ just after non-Egyptian pilots quit in September.

TAX CONCESSIONS will be given to U.S. and other foreign businesses that open branches in Jamaica, which is following tax-exemption lead of Puerto Rico to encourage industrialization. All foreign firms will be free from income tax for first seven years. Jamaica-based service companies, e.g., transport, insurance, brokerage firms, will be permanently tax-free if they do not compete locally.

POWER PLANTS to meet burgeoning U.S. needs will require \$94 billion investment by public and private sources over next 20 years, says Interior Secretary Fred Seaton. He estimates that in future 77% of U.S. power expansion will come from coal and oil plants, 14½% from atomic plants and only 8½% from hydroelectric plants.

ATOMIC TRAIN will be built by Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton Corp., third biggest U.S. maker of locomotives. Baldwin has signed contract with Kidde & Co. Inc. to develop a nuclear reactor, will build engine for Denver & Rio Grande Western.

AIRLINE SUBSIDIES will be slashed to \$44.5 million in next fiscal year, a 30% drop from the \$64 million paid by U.S. in 1954, says CAB. It expects all U.S. transatlantic and transpacific lines to be in black and off subsidy by fiscal 1958, as well as domestic Northeast Airlines, still on subsidy.

COPPER SLUMP will continue into winter unless boom prospects for 1957 cause automakers to step up their demand. Although custom smelters' copper prices recently weakened 2¢ a lb., down to 37¢ v. 55½¢ last March, orders for November delivery are well below supply. Reason: users built up big inventories earlier in year as hedge against possible strike.

which cushions road shocks with two tiny, air-filled tires mounted vertically at the front of each rear spring.

☛ **Hudson**, which follows the industry trend to sportier style with a flashy, V-shaped grille, sweeping tailfins and a lower top that cuts overall height 2 in., to 60 in. Biggest engineering change: a new V-8 engine for the Hudson Hornet, which turns up 255 h.p., 35 h.p. more than last year, with a four-barrel carburetor and dual exhausts as standard equipment.

MANAGEMENT

Static at ABC

When Robert Edmonds Kintner, 47, became president of American Broadcasting Co. in 1949, he took over some troubles. Kintner, a former Washington reporter (New York Herald Tribune), columnist

(Alsop and Kintner) and author (*Men Around the President*), became boss of a network with annual billings of \$47,734,845, a net loss of \$519,085. By last year, however, ABC's TV billings alone had climbed to \$51,393,434, and it was operating in the black (in the first nine months this year, American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres' earnings were up to \$6,616,000 from \$5,286,000 last year). Kintner also built up his programming with top TV shows (*Omnibus*, *Lawrence Welk*, *Disneyland*, *Bishop Shere*), expanded ABC's network (now up to 215 affiliated TV stations). But he failed to match the other networks' vast increase in total radio-TV billings: from 1949 to 1955 ABC's billings rose 73% (to an estimated \$76 million a year). NBC's went up 170% (to an estimated \$192 million) and CBS's jumped 253% (to an estimated \$255 mil-

OIL-IMPORT CURB

A Blow Against Freer Trade

FOR the fifth and final time last week, Defense Mobilizer Arthur S. Flemming issued a blunt warning to the U.S. oil industry to restrict oil imports voluntarily or face strict Government quotas. Noting that all imports have jumped 38% (to 1.4 million bbls. daily) since 1954, and currently comprise 20% of U.S. consumption, Defense Mobilizer Flemming told importers to cut next year's shipments from the Middle East by at least 1% (to 299,000 bbls. daily), also announced that he hoped to reduce imports from Canada and Venezuela as well. Though the cuts are small, the principle is important. ODM's great fear (and that of most independent producers, i.e., generally the smaller companies who produce but do not market oil) is that increasing supplies of foreign oil will seriously damage the nation's oil industry, thus "endanger the national defense." But not every oilman agrees with ODM.

The independent producers do, and they argue bitterly that cheap foreign oil is wrecking domestic markets, keeping prices at low levels when they need more money to pour into new exploration. Importers (i.e., Gulf Oil Corp., Shell Oil, Standard Oil of N.J.) counter that high imports are necessary to keep down prices by filling the gap between U.S. production and consumption, and that the import restrictions are in conflict with U.S. aims for freer world trade.

Actually, there is right on both sides. To stay healthy, domestic producers must constantly find new reserves. Yet, in the past decade, while U.S. oil demand has risen 71%, proven domestic reserves have increased only 48%. One big reason is that oil is getting harder and more expensive to find. According to Independent Petroleum Association of America, the cost of finding, developing and producing oil and gas has jumped 43% since 1948 to a mere 6.5% increase in the general level of crude-oil prices.

Thus, as reserves and relative profits decline, say independents, they are steadily losing ground as the nation's primary oil explorers while the U.S. depends increasingly on risky foreign oil. The vast oilfields of the Middle East are likely to be neutralized in an emergency, leaving the U.S. dependent for its supply on a domestic industry that it has let slip behind. What independents want is a much bigger cut in imports than ODM's scheduled 1%, and a price rise large enough to enable them to pour more money into exploration.

Most importers argue that the industry is not so badly off as independents claim. According to Interior Department statistics for 1955, oilmen drilled more wells (31,567), had more wells pumping oil (537,682), had greater proven reserves (some 30 billion bbls.) than ever before, and earned a record \$1.6 billion, nearly 15% more than in 1954.

The main supply-and-demand argument against restricting imports, however, is the fact that domestic oilfields will not be able to keep up with rising U.S. needs under any circumstances. Says Otis H. Ellis, general counsel of the National Oil Jobbers Council: "We constantly hear that 'there is no security in foreign oil.' A more appropriate slogan would be, 'There is no security without foreign oil.'" With one-seventh of the world's crude-oil reserves, the U.S. consumes 9,000,000 bbls. of oil daily, well over 50% of the world's production. The Chase Manhattan Bank predicts that U.S. oil demand will rise another 53% in the next decade, to some 12.8 million bbls. daily. Yet estimates are that domestic production will probably not exceed 10 million bbls. daily, leaving a net deficit of 3,000,000 bbls. that must be made up from imports.

Importers admit that there is indeed some risk involved with Middle East oil. However, they argue that, short of actual war, the oil can be kept flowing. Furthermore, importers point out that to cut back oil imports now would be a damaging blow to their competitive position. Currently, some 20 companies are exploring around the world for oil. If U.S. markets are closed to them, it will not only slow down exploration, but it will also damage the overall position of the U.S. itself in future years when domestic markets are increasingly dependent on foreign oil supplies.

Eventually, the domestic producers' worries about oil imports will disappear without Government restrictions. Says General Ernest O. Thompson, chairman of the Texas Railroad Commission, which controls the flow of oil from Texas fields: "The problem is on high center now, but time will eventually work it out." In the not too distant future, world oil demand will climb so high that all available production both in the U.S. and abroad will be needed. For the short run, restricting imports would not only place a heavy burden on diminishing U.S. oil reserves; it would also undo much of the good will the U.S. has built up in its efforts toward freer trade.

tion). Last week ABC's owners, American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres, Inc., decided that the network was not moving fast enough; they forced Kintner to quit.

One-Man Show. Explained ABC-Paramount President Leonard Goldenson: "ABC television sales are not up to expectations for the 1956-57 broadcasting season. Fall sales of the important Mickey Mouse daytime TV program are considerably below those of last year." Actually, Kintner has had his troubles ever since Paramount Theatres took over cash-short ABC in a \$25 million stock-swapping deal three years ago. Paramount then paid off ABC's \$7,662,000 debt, put in a handful of Paramount executives, including three new ABC vice presidents. Two of them later resigned, one after he lost \$1,800,000 for the company by programming college football games that got few sponsors. But Parent Paramount grumbled that Kintner never allowed ABC's Paramount men any power, that he ran ABC as a one-man show. Paramount wanted Kintner to delegate more responsibility, put together a stronger top management staff, expand his network faster.

ABC insiders concede that Bob Kintner kept a close rein on the newcomers from Paramount. But he gave plenty of authority to the able old ABC hands; e.g., Vice President John Daly has almost full policy-making and operations control over the news, special events, sports and foreign affairs.

"Substantial Dispute." Finally, President Goldenson's dump-Kintner campaign won over 13 of the 17 directors on the company's board, which is heavy with Paramount men. Kintner sent a cold letter of resignation to "Dear Mr. Goldenson," stating that "We are in substantial dispute concerning policies relating to the organization and operation of ABC." Goldenson then personally took charge of ABC, promised to find a new president later.

At week's end Bob Kintner prepared to take a long vacation in the Caribbean and Mediterranean. Said he: "I love everybody"—presumably including Goldenson. He had good reason. His severance settlement was close to \$300,000.

MODERN LIVING

My Fair Scalper

To Manhattan's public-relations firms, ad agencies and other business offices with important out-of-town clients, there is one kind of long-distance phone call that always means trouble. Says the voice: "Incidentally, I'll be in town next week, and the only thing the missus and I want to see is *My Fair Lady*." If the show is not *My Fair Lady*, sold out until April, then it is *The Most Happy Fella*, currently sold out for five or six weeks, or *Damn Yankees*, which after a year and a half on Broadway still sells out nightly. Such phone calls as these have led to one of the last great black markets in the U.S.—a ticket market operated by scalpers and fostered by businessmen living in an expense-account economy, where price is no object.

Last week, as the 1957 Broadway season



A close look at tight money

Straight talk about banks and small business

Much of what is being written and said today about small business not getting its share of bank credit fails to square with the record.

Banks are doing their level best to meet the credit needs of small business. There is ample evidence of this.

At Chase Manhattan, for example, commercial and instalment loans in amounts ranging from \$1,000 to \$100,000 made to small business increased 31% in number during the past year.

Current reports from many sections of the country demonstrate that a good percentage of the nation's banks show trends similar to Chase Manhattan's.

This is not to imply that anybody who wants a loan today can walk into a bank and get it.

Money is tight. Right now the demand for credit from banks is bigger than the supply. Borrowers large and small are competing for money. But it's not their size that's really important. What primarily determines whether a business loan will be made is the credit worthiness of the applicant. Bankers are supplying credit to business and commerce for current needs, and figures indicate small businesses are getting their fair share of the money available.

This is the situation today. Back of it there is a simple banking philosophy.

Bankers like to lend money. It's their bread and butter. But sometimes loans have to be turned down. Remember, bankers are not lending their own money. Bank loans are made

from money entrusted to banks by depositors. Therefore bankers must use sound judgment and common sense.

This sums up the general position of commercial banks about loans to small business today. We believe it is a sound position...one that gives everybody in the business community a fair chance at available bank credit.

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MAGNETIC CHALKBOARD ATTRACTS KIDS TO ASTRONOMY

Both learning and teaching complicated subjects is simpler with new Weldwood Chalkboard. For it has a porcelain-faced steel surface—so magnets cling to it. Thus exhibits and symbols can be quickly mounted to teach a point effectively.

From toddlers to management trainees, people learn faster when they can see

what's being explained. Weldwood Chalkboard never needs refinishing, defies abrasion, scratching, chipping and denting, will never warp or buckle. Weldwood Chalkboard comes in gray, green, blue and Projection White. Fully guaranteed, of course. Find out more by writing today.

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began picking up steam. Manhattan's scalpers never had it so good. Not only was *My Fair Lady* still going strong and bringing at least \$60 a pair for tickets v. \$26 a pair for *The Most Happy Fella* and \$20 for *Damn Yankees*, but a whole series of sure-fire new hits were on the way. Opening next week, *Auntie Mame*, starring Rosalind Russell, has a million-dollar advance sale, is virtually sold out through March. *Bells Are Ringing*, with Judy Holliday, has rave out-of-town notices and a \$750,000 advance. And the new Ethel Merman musical, *Happy Hunting*, which will probably have a record \$1.5 million advance before it opens in December, should provide equally happy hunting for scalpers.

A Big Tip. Few out-of-towners have any idea what it costs a Manhattan company to grant their ticket requests. For their three-day sales convention in December, one company started a month ago to track down 72 tickets for *My Fair Lady*, had to pay \$22.50 apiece. Another company, which forgot to order World Series tickets awarded to a contest winner, put in an urgent call to its New York advertising agency to find four seats, got clipped \$208 over the box-office price. As one ad-man explained: "We have a perfectly honest agent who gets our tickets at regular prices. We have very little trouble—just tip him around \$250 each Christmas."

To get enough good seats, the scalper has to tap several sources. He has friends mail in for tickets for potential hits, buys other tickets through theater benefits, paying the steep benefit markup. He also buys directly from the box office or from reputable brokers, often luring assistants to help him, since his money still speaks louder than the New York Department of Licenses, which has fruitlessly tried to end illegal ticket practices. Some small-timers find it profitable to sell their position in line for *My Fair Lady*'s 30 standing-room tickets a day for as much as \$10.

A Necessary Evil. The fact that so many shows are sold out for months in advance to benefit theater parties makes it easier for the scalper to operate, since the parties drastically curtail the supply of available tickets. In its first 33 months, for example, 54 out of the 120 *Fair Lady* performances were completely sold out to benefit parties. At the non-benefit performances, 80% of the balcony and 20% of the orchestra seats are sold through direct-mail requests. At best, the 70-odd licensed ticket brokers divide up the remaining 650 orchestra seats, are legally entitled to sell each ticket for a \$1.10 commission. (In 1955 New York ticket brokers sold approximately \$8.8 million worth of tickets, made nearly \$1.5 million in commissions.)

Though they dislike the practice, few businessmen see an end to Manhattan's ticket black market. For most, getting tickets for important clients is a necessary evil, can easily be written off on the expense account. Said one Manhattan ad executive: "Frankly, I wouldn't pay those prices to see the Statue of Liberty do a tap dance—but what can you do when your most important client wants to see it?"

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AVIATION

Domesticated Tiger

When Major General Claire Chennault, wartime commander of World War II's famed Flying Tigers, decided to start an airline in the Far East in 1946, most professionals gave him about as much chance of survival as a turkey in a typhoon. He had only a few war-weary transports, a handful of his old U.S. fighter pilots and a \$1,000,000 loan (at 10% interest) from the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, which wanted to fly food and medicine into China. But last week, as Chennault's Civil Air Transport got ready to celebrate its tenth anniversary, few airmen would recognize the old line. Chennault's bedraggled CAT had become a plump, purring creature with a gross of more than \$20 million annually and a reputation as the Far East's best airline.

Switch in Control. For years it looked as though Chennault's CAT would never get off the ground. Caught in China's civil war, it was the world's most shot-at airline, struggled to stay aloft as a civilian support organization for the retreating Nationalist armies. Profits were nonexistent, payrolls tough to meet. But between 1946 and 1948, CAT flew the Nationalists out of some 72 threatened bases, in one operation evacuated 30,000 wounded soldiers from Manchuria ahead of the advancing Reds.

With Nationalist China crumbling in 1948, Chennault loaded his Shanghai maintenance base onto a converted LST, fled first to Canton, then to Hainan, on to Hong Kong and finally across the Formosa Strait to Formosa, where CAT has stayed ever since. Flying along the perimeter of Red Asia, Chennault and CAT staked their entire future in 1949 on a coup to keep 71 planes of two Chinese national airlines from falling into Red hands. When the crews defected, leaving most of the transports at Hong Kong's airport, Chennault and his friends signed notes for \$4,750,000 to buy the planes, then spent three years fighting costly legal battles before they could finally take possession. The struggle nearly bankrupted CAT, and Chennault had to turn over control of his share of the line to a syndicate of U.S. backers. Chennault himself moved up to chairman of the board, has since played a largely advisory role. Yet he has no regrets. Says he: "Personally, that operation gave me more satisfaction than anything we've ever done."

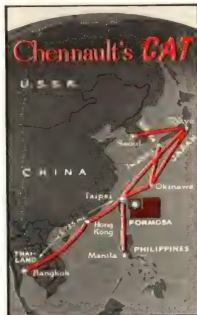
Paratroops & Passengers. Chairman Chennault can also take satisfaction from the fact that CAT's new management, headed by ex-Pan American Pilot George A. Doole Jr., vice chairman, has managed to turn his idea into a moneymaking operation. With a reputation for flying anything, anywhere, anytime, CAT was right on the spot flying charter flights for the U.S. Air Force during the Korean war, helped out during the fight for Dien-bienphu in Indo-China, where CAT pilots buzzed through murderous anti-aircraft fire to drop French paratroops, muni-



Greg Hare—Monroe News-Star
CAT CHAIRMAN CHENNAULT
He couldn't but he did.

tions and medical supplies. As a scheduled airline, 60% owned by Nationalist Chinese, 40% by its U.S. backers, CAT flies its 32-plane fleet (DC-3s, C-46s, PBVs) along 7,000 miles of routes throughout Asia, proudly notes that it has never lost a passenger. Its repair operation (100% U.S. owned) on Formosa currently does 15% of all CAT's business repairing U.S. Air Force planes as well as civilian transports.

Looking back last week, Airman Chennault could hardly believe that his airline had come so far. Said he: "CAT reminds me a lot of the Tigers. They were both one of those things you could sit in a corner and think about—but you couldn't actually do it." Chennault did.



Time Map by V. Puglisi

ATOMIC ENERGY

Loans for Reactors

In the race with Soviet Russia and Britain to win the world market for atomic power plants, the U.S. sprinted a furlong ahead last week. The Export-Import Bank said it will extend loans to friendly governments and private foreign utilities that want to buy nuclear reactors, fuel and know-how from U.S. companies. Borrowers must pledge that they will join forces with the U.S. Government to develop the peaceful atom, and they may buy or lease their atomic fuel from the Atomic Energy Commission. Thus the future atomic industries of the borrowers would be married to the West rather than the East.

The AEC also has earmarked \$8,750,000 for foreign atomic development this year and next. But AEC grants are held to \$350,000, and limited to research reactors (estimated cost: \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000). Ex-Im will lend larger amounts for either research reactors or power reactors. Several non-Communist nations and U.S. manufacturers already are discussing terms with the bank, which expects to make its first loan by Christmas.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Austria Comes Back

A year ago the Russian, British, French and American occupation forces finished pulling out of Austria, leaving behind them a relieved people but a big economic question mark. How would the sickly dwarf-state get along without the foreign exchange earned from the departing military forces?

Last week, at the end of its first full year of independence, Austria's answer was clear: not since the days of Emperor Franz Josef has the country been so *gemütlich*; never has it been so prosperous. As the troops pulled out, the tourists moved in. By last August, Chancellor Julius Raab's government announced, the nation's tourist revenues reached a record \$100 million, exceeding the previous high set during all of last year by 20%. There was not a hotel room to be had in Vienna, though two new hotels—the Am Stephansplatz and the Auersperg—had just been completed, and a third was abuilding.

Baroque Flavor. Austria's economic renaissance is far more substantial, however, than a whipped-cream prosperity concocted by tourists. For the first time since its establishment in 1918, the little Maine-sized republic is economically solid. Industrial output is running at more than 2½ times the 1937 level; foreign trade has nearly doubled since 1953, and the country is enjoying near full-employment. National income has soared from 25.3 billion schillings (\$1 billion) in 1948 to 80.5 billion schillings (\$3.2 billion) in 1955.

Though the country is only one-fourth arable, increasing farm efficiency and mechanization have made it self-sufficient in dairy products, sugar, potatoes and most meats; nearly self-sufficient in rye, barley, oats, fruits and vegetables. The capital has been rebuilt with new build-



Wire photograph of Georgi Malenkov in one of his happier moods

"Thank you, America, for what you're doing to your railroads!"

We're not alarmists, but the current plight of America's railroads must give quite a chuckle to the men in the Kremlin.

Our railroads, after all, are our first line of transportation defense. *In World War II they carried 90% of all military supplies, and carried 95% of all military personnel.*

And right now the railroads are having a rough time handling present demands—to say nothing of what they'd be up against in a national emergency.

At this very moment the nation is suffering from a shortage of over 100,000 freight cars.

You may not realize it, but the situation is so serious that our farmers and other producers can't get their products to market. Boats have been tied up in harbors for days on end, waiting for freight cars to unload their cargo.

What would happen if the Suez crisis suddenly burst into flame? What would happen if the Reds suddenly struck somewhere else?

It's not a pleasant thought. The bald truth is that our railroads are being starved to death through political regulation. They lost over a half billion dollars last year on their passenger business alone. They are fighting for their lives in the face of subsidized competition from highly prosperous users of airways, waterways and highways. They are being hit right and left by murderous and discriminatory taxes.

**The Central's answer:
17,000 new freight cars**

In spite of all these handicaps, the Central has ordered more than 17,000 new freight cars, at a cost of over \$178,000,000. That's right—over seven thousand freight cars—enough to make a train that would stretch almost from New York to Washington.

You can bet they'll be a big help. But

this is only the beginning of what we want to do and *would* do if we were allowed to stem our losses and run our business the American way instead of the Russian way. (The Russian way is without profit.)

Not until the railroads are allowed to make a fair return—just like America's retail stores, coal operators, manufacturers and public utilities—can we be expected to replace our worn-out equipment. (More than one-third of U. S. freight cars are over 25 years old . . . and more than two-thirds of U. S. passenger cars are over 25 years old!)

Not until the railroads are allowed to make a fair return can we give the nation the truly modern railroad service that present-day technology makes possible.

And, far more importantly, not until then can our railroads be ready to meet any crisis that the Kremlin could precipitate.

New York Central Railroad

Welcome, brother, if you're a Bourbon Man



To a westerner, hospitality without bourbon is like a handshake without warmth. Now this memorable drink is fast moving East. Old Hickory shows you why. Clean, clear taste. Great bourbon flavor enriched by extra years. The best friend ice ever had. With it you rediscover Manhattans, make Old Fashioneds new.

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ings constructed along baroque lines to retain the city's distinctive flavor. An enormous six-story, block-square office building is rising in Vienna, and more than 300,000 new apartments have been put up, more than replacing the 200,000 destroyed in the fierce World War II fighting. Building has boomed so fast, in fact, that the government had to pull the reins by tightening credit and cutting down public works.

Trend Reversed. Nevertheless, Austria still has its problems. To get the Russians to leave, it had to promise Moscow a ransom of \$152 million in goods over the next ten years, plus 1,000,000 tons of oil annually for ten years. Moreover, pushed by the Socialists, the No. 2 party and junior member of every postwar coalition Cabinet, the country has become the most nationalized anywhere outside the Iron Curtain, with its iron, steel, aluminum and electric power industries wholly in government hands. About 33% of its investment capital is privately held.

Paradoxically, the 11-year-old trend to Socialism took place under the rule of the free-enterprising *Volkspartei*; it was the price that Austria's leading party (which lacked an absolute majority) had to pay for Socialist support. But last spring Austria's voters took a look at the immense reconstruction job done by private enterprise despite government hobbles and, for the first time, gave the *Volkspartei* a whopping vote, just one seat short of a parliamentary majority. It was a clear mandate to roll back government control.

Great Expectations. At first, businessmen's expectations soared as the *Volkspartei* clipped the power of Socialist Minister of Nationalized Industries Karl Waldbrunner by switching nationalized industries from his hands to control by a board of directors. There, however, the conservative revolution has stuck. For the board is the old government in a new guise—consisting of four Cabinet ministers, equally divided between the Socialists and *Volkspartei*, presided over by Chancellor Krah.

More encouraging has been the debate over the fate of the oilfields (1955 output: 2,000,000 tons) expropriated by the Nazis, nationalized by the Russians and operated since their return by another government holding company. Recently the foreign interests—principally Socony, Mobil and Royal Dutch Shell—which discovered and developed the fields, offered to spend \$60 million to repair and modernize the fields if the government would hand them back. The offer was tempting; Vienna lacks that kind of money to rejuvenate the fields, although it needs their maximum output to satisfy Russian reparations and domestic demand. Nevertheless the government has said no so far. However, it was a soft Viennese no and last week further negotiations were in progress, said a leading Austrian politician. "The foreigners are asking 100% denationalization; we are offering no denationalization at all. We will reach a point somewhere in between."

PIPER

Apache



Twin Engine

BUSINESS AIR TRANSPORTATION AT PRACTICAL COST

MORE TWIN ENGINE PIPER APACHES have gone into service for corporate air travel than any of the other modern executive twins.

WHY? For the simple reason that the Apache best suits the transportation requirements of most American business firms. This sleek, all-metal, twin engine plane carries four or five passengers in its luxuriously quiet cabin, cruises 170 miles an hour, is powered with superbly dependable Lycoming engines. Its stamina has been proved by 23 transatlantic delivery flights and over 50,000,000 miles of flying this year alone.

Hundreds of business firms have stepped up to the Apache from single engine equipment. Other corporations with larger aircraft have found the Apache an ideal supplement to extend the time and money saving benefits of executive air travel to more key personnel. Many firms which have only recently awakened to the benefits of travel by company plane now enjoy the convenience of setting their own timetables with the Apache.

Because of high volume production, the Apache is priced at \$34,000—half the price of most new twins. An investigation as to how the Piper Apache could suit your company needs will prove enlightening. A Piper sales representative will be pleased to make an evaluation. For full details on this remarkable airplane send for your copy of the Apache brochure, Dept. T-1, Piper Aircraft Corporation, Lock Haven, Pa.



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TIME



THE THEATER

Old Play in Manhattan

The *Apple Cart*, written in 1929, was perhaps the last of Shaw's plays to kick up any real dust in the theater. Indeed, it marks the point in his career when Shaw began to collect dust as well as kick it up, began to seem stale as well as brilliant. Less the work of a master than of a past master, *The Apple Cart* still had vital things to say and on occasion a great gift for saying them. There was still the fun of watching a superb showman up to his old tricks—but some of them did seem decidedly old. There was still some satisfaction in watching him chessboard his old ideas—and seem at first blush to contrive new gambits.

Thus *The Apple Cart* caused a mild furore in 1929 because Socialist Shaw put in a good word, not to say several magnificent speeches, for monarchy. Shaw's English King Magnus is far more public-spirited, high-minded and civilized than the Labor Prime Minister and, as it turns out, a shrewder tactician. Heckled for such a political about-face, Shaw insisted—in one of those prefaces of his which are more like second times at bat—that King and Prime Minister not only are not winner and loser, but are not even basic antagonists. "The conflict," Shaw asserts, "is not really between royalty and democracy. It is between both and plutocracy." King and Prime Minister are thus equally puppet, while it is Breakages, Ltd.—England's super-industrialists—who actually rule.

But if Shaw is re-sounding an old standard theme, he works variations—and even a fantasia—upon it. He can jiggle his royal puppet in the classic role of the Patriot King; he can even make a kind of If-I-Were-King of Magnus. The Socialist Bernard can act a Strong Man on the throne, a Passionless Shepherd in the boudoir. The disbeliever in monarchy can suggest that a constitutional monarch be flagrantly unconstitutional, and can have him retain his throne by threatening to abdicate and prove ten times as troublesome in Parliament.

In the end, it is just as it was at the start. Neither Shaw nor Shaw's King has really upset the apple cart; he has merely tossed out half a dozen Shavian apples of discord. In the end, King and Prime Minister have taken turns producing cards they have up their sleeves, which is a playwright's way of keeping going no less than a politician's. One such playwright's card is to have Breakages, Ltd. suddenly amalgamate the U.S. and Britain. Another is to throw in a purely irrelevant interlude of sex—or of the lack of it, since when Shaw plays King, the royal mistress isn't really a mistress.

The play probably has enough serviceable tricks, enough scattered brilliance, enough second-bounce for a superlative production to bring the whole thing off. The current production is no more than a very competent one; it cannot convey a



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needed sense of grand-staircased crescendos and crystal-chandeliered wit. As Magnus Maurice Evans has his real virtues, and the right polished utterance, but for parry-and-thrust he uses a gold-headed cane instead of a rapier, and he seems in manner more tutorial than ironic. Signe Hasso has plenty of lure, but the duet in the boudoir lags. And though Charles Carson makes an excellent Prime Minister, some of his Cabinet members fall short. Yet it is less that the production lets Shaw down than that he himself often needs inordinate holding up.

Old Operetta on Tour

The *Mikado*, thanks to a coast-to-coast tour of the Fujiwara Opera Co., can now be heard with an all-Japanese cast. Although a Japanese *Mikado*, like a Danish *Hamlet*, is less ideal than it may

sound—for the genius of both works is profoundly English—the Fujiwara production has its points. To be sure, it could drive those exalted Shintoists, the Savoyards, to hara-kiri. There may merely be something piquant in what sounds like "Three little medd from skoo are we" or "The fathers that bloom in the spring, two-la." But such sacred songs as "I've got a little list" have been brutally cut, and such profanities as "teen-agers" and "Hollywood" have been barbarously added. The Ko-Ko is almost unintelligible, and the Katisha positively has charm.

But if often amateurish and quite un-Gilbertian, this small-scale *Mikado* has at times a certain toylike appeal. Sullivan's score is lightly played and prettily sung, and if the satire in the lyrics has all but vanished, the sweetness in much of the music is decidedly enhanced.

MILESTONES

Born. To Feiho Ikeda, 26, crew member of the Japanese fishing boat *Fortunate Dragon*, which was dusted with radioactive fallout (1954) after a U.S. H-bomb test in the Marshall Islands, and his wife Setsuko Ikeda, 23; a son, described as healthy and normal, the first child born to any of the 22 survivors (one crewman died). Weight: 7 lbs. 8 oz.

Born. To Debbie Reynolds, 24, teenageing cinemactress (*The Catered Affair*), and Eddie Fisher, 28, curly-headed jukebox nightingale (*I Believe*): a daughter, their first child; in Burbank, Calif. Weight: 6 lbs. 12 oz.

Born. To Luis Anastasio Somoza de Bayle, 33, President of Nicaragua since the assassination of his father, Dictator Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza, last month, and Isabel Urcuyo de Somoza; a fifth son, sixth child; in Managua, Nicaragua. Name: Heraldo. Weight: 6 lbs. 8 oz.

Born. To Enos Bradsher ("Country") Slaughter, 40, balding, longtime (1938-53) St. Louis Cardinals outfielder, who joined the New York Yankees last August, broke up the third World Series game with a home run, and Fifth Wife Helen Spiker Slaughter, 26; a daughter, their first child (his second); in Kansas City, Mo. Name: Gaye Arlene. Weight: 7 lbs. 14 oz.

Married. Phil Silvers, 44, comic of stage (*Top Banana*, 1951-53) and TV (Sergeant Bilko); and Evelyn Patrick, 23, the sugar-coating on *The \$64,000 Question*'s commercials; he for the second time, she for the first; in New Haven, Conn.

Died. Lawrence Dale (Larry) Bell, 62, stocky, square-faced airplane builder, who started (1913) as a \$12-a-week apprentice at the late Glenn L. Martin's plane factory, later worked with Aviation Pioneer Donald W. Douglas (now President of Douglas Aircraft Co.) when Douglas joined

Martin as chief engineer (1915); of a heart ailment, a month after he retired as president, became board chairman of Bell Aircraft Co.; in Buffalo. Larry Bell helped develop an early "bomber" before joining Martin (converted from a Martin exhibition plane, stocked with dynamite-filled gas pipes and sold to Pancho Villa), by 1935 had launched his own firm (estimated 1956 sales: \$200 million). Planemaker Bell in 1944 produced the U.S.'s first jet fighter, the Airacomet, made helicopters, missiles and the famed X-1 and X-2 rocket planes, which have broken all speed, altitude records.

Died. Isham Jones, 62, sweet-swinging bandleader who wowed the sentimental '20s when he wrote *I'll See You in My Dreams* and *It Had to Be You*; of cancer; in Golden Beach, Fla.

Died. Owen Gould Davis, 82, pudgy, horn-rimmed, onetime record-breaking Harvard dashman, who ground out more than 200 melodramas ("You may strike me, Harold Halverson, but there is a God that will protect a woman's honor") and serious plays, won the Pulitzer Prize (1923) with *Icebound*; after long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. William Henry ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray, 86, walrus-mustached, stogie-chomping, classics-quoting onetime (1931-35) governor of Oklahoma, two-term (1913-17) Congressman, who carried his lunch to work, planted chickpeas on the lawn of the governor's mansion, called out the National Guard to successfully defy Texas and a federal court by closing a Red River toll bridge during a legal hassle, next month used militia again to shut down Oklahoma's gushing oilfields until purchasers raised their bids to private well owners; after a stroke; in Oklahoma City. He campaigned ("Bread and Butter, Bacon and Beans") for the presidential nomination against Franklin Roosevelt in 1932, settled down to piteous poverty after his term as governor expired in 1935.



Photograph by Dennis

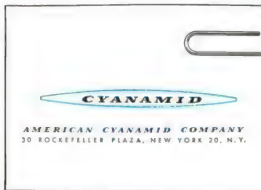
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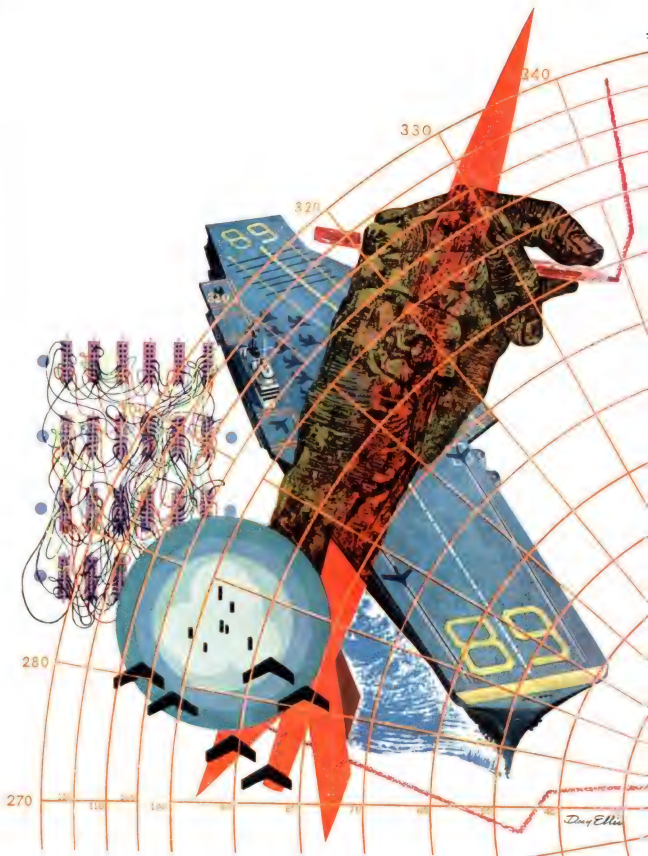
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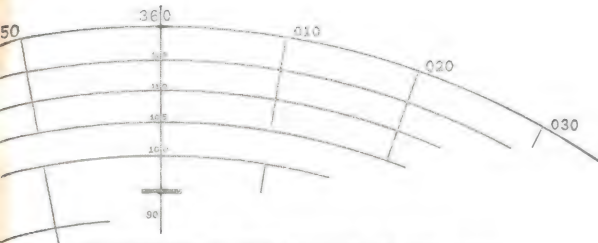
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BOOKS

Things Hitler Never Knew

FORWARD, GUNNER ASCH! (368 pp.)
—Hans Hellmut Kirst—Little, Brown
(\$3.95).

In Germany, it has seldom occurred to novelists that life in uniform is a laughing matter. But in 1954 a Prussian-born veteran of the *Wehrmacht* named Hans Hellmut Kirst wrote a book called *Null-Acht-Fünfzehn*—the model number (0-8-15) of the *Wehrmacht* service pistol—which in Germany is a term roughly equivalent to G.I. The book snickered behind the officers' ramrod backs, put in a plea for the dignity of the individual in uniform, and demonstrated hilariously how a canny conscript like Gunner Asch could win at the old army game simply by hiding behind regulations. Old army press denounced it, and the publisher's office was ransacked by hoodlums. But Gunner Asch became the talk of the land and *Null-Acht-Fünfzehn* the bestselling novel of postwar West Germany.

Kirst's wry chronicle of the peacetime *Wehrmacht* was published in the U.S. as *The Revolt of Gunner Asch* (TIME, March 8). *Forward, Gunner Asch!* is sketched in the frame of the Russian front. But Author Kirst, who fought there, knows that a sense of the ridiculous is valid up to and including the front lines.

Sergeant Asch never liked the army in peacetime, and he likes it even less in war. He is no hero, but he is something even better: an intelligent man who does his duty superlatively well. His instinctive dislike of Hitler and his works makes him no less the friend of his artillery unit commander, who stubbornly insists that the Führer is infallible. When a martinet from the rear comes to take over the



NOVELIST KIRST
War is an unarmy business.

troop, Asch has a field day that a G.I. of any nationality can appreciate. It is the old story of the parade-ground perfectionist who simply cannot grasp the fact that war is a dirty and even unarmy business. When Captain Wittner fouls up an "according-to-plan" withdrawal, Asch simply ignores him and does his best to save the troop.

Forward, Gunner Asch! has its sentimental anti-Hitlerism ("Yes, Lieutenant—a dishonorable war. Deliberately unleashed. Conducted with the methods of a pimp") and a melodramatic love affair which features a class-C movie Russian Mata Hari who loves her German officer sincerely even as she betrays him. But its free-wheeling candor is as engaging as it is un-Prussian. Even its most improbable episodes are edged with Soldier Kirst's knowledgeability, which consistently saves Novelist Kirst's neck.

"Corpulent Voluptuary"

GAY MONARCH (378 pp.)—Virginia Cowles—Harper (\$5).

When Britain's King Edward VII asked a "pretty young lady" to partner him at bridge, she declined, saying sweetly: "I am afraid, Sir, I can't even tell a King from a Knave." Most of Edward's biographers have had the same trouble: none has satisfactorily explained how and why the monarch whom Rudyard Kipling called "a corpulent voluptuary" was also modern Britain's most agile royal diplomat and plenipotentiary. Now, Boston-born Virginia Cowles has shown that an American woman may look at a King with more understanding than many a Briton. Married to former Under Secretary of State for Air Aidan Crawley, Author Cowles has been a newspaper correspondent in Europe since the Spanish civil war. The excellence of her biography lies in her sensuous, feminine appreciation of Edward and his era.

A Problem Child Is Made. Queen Victoria could never understand why parents as admirable as herself and Prince Consort Albert should have had an heir like "Bertie." Most of the people at court took instinctively to the "fair little lad," but, according to palace gossip, the Queen thought him "stupid" from the very start, and "in all [her] published letters which range over the Prince's childhood, there is not one word of praise for his character, not a single endearing anecdote, not a trace of pride or pleasure in his personality." Bertie detested pedantry and loved people. His parents' efforts to change this bias read like a horror story.

Bertie was not allowed to mix or play with other boys. His first tutor, Eton's Henry Birch, was ordered to report in detail on the little boy's failings. When, instead, Birch became fond of Bertie, he was sacked. Birch's successor, Frederick Gibbs, had everything that the creation of a problem child demands. He kept "story books of all kinds" out of Bertie's reach,



Punch, or The London Charivari, November 10, 1889
"LATEST FROM AMERICA" (1844)
H.R.H. Junior (to H.R.H. Senior): "Now, sir-ree, if you'll liquor up and settle down, I'll tell you all about my travels."

reported regularly that the frustrated little boy was "excited," "disobedient," "very angry," "rude," "half silly." Bertie responded, complained Gibbs, by "throwing stones in my face."


No Slouch. At 17 Bertie was dubbed Knight of the Garter, and established in his own "household." His equeries were instructed never to permit "lounging ways, such [as] lolling in armchairs" or "slouching . . . with hands in the pocket." All "satirical or bantering expressions" were taboo, and "a practical joke was never to be permitted." Bertie's leisure was to be spent "looking over drawings or engravings." On reading this memorandum, the Knight of the Garter burst into tears.

When he was 18, Bertie was sent off on a royal tour of Canada and the U.S. Astonishingly, the subdued princeling blossomed under the round of leaves and balls. When he returned to Britain, *Punch* gleefully cartooned him puffing a cigar and swigging drinks with an aplomb that amazed and disconcerted his austere father.

Then father Albert died. The withdrawal of the brokenhearted Queen into seclusion proved a godsend to Bertie. Married off at 22 to Denmark's Alexandra, "the most beautiful Princess in Europe," he set to work making hay of every item in the old memorandum. Lounging in armchairs was his delight, bantering expressions his favorite form of speech, practical jokes his favorite game. He himself rarely looked again at his drawings and engravings, but legion were the ladies whom he invited upstairs to do so.

Beer & Skittles. In those days before popular photography, Author Cowles points out, even a Prince of Wales could safely indulge in "orgies"—in the improvement of royal morals, one Leica is worth a dozen archbishops. Soon "there

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was scarcely an important demi-mondaine who did not claim an acquaintance with the Prince of Wales. It was a sportive era, and the Prince took delight in "spirited battles with soda syphons, apple-pie beds leaking hot-water bottles," and "an ink-pot over a door which emptied its contents on [the Duke of Marlborough's] head." He liked clapping on a fireman's helmet and rushing to a good blaze with that celebrated fire buff, the Duke of Sutherland. When Bertie's pal "Harty-Tarty" (Lord Hartington) was keeping "Skittles," London's foremost courtesan, Bertie arranged for a bowling alley to be erected for Harty-Tarty at a civic reception. Explained the mayor: "We were informed by the Prince's equestry that your lordship was very fond of skittles."


Amid the indignities he instigated Bertie remained royal to the core. No syphon ever played upon his head, no rubber bottle leaked upon his feet. At the least sign of disrespect "his blue eyes grew cold, and his lower lip protruded in the famous Guelph pout."

Bertie's trouble (like that of many playboys) was that he had no intelligent way of using his talents. Until he was 42 years old his mother allowed him to sit on only two House of Lords committees—one discussing "Plague of Cows," the other "Scarcity of Horses"—they were not subjects that "riveted his attention."

Behind Mother's Back. Author Cowles is at her best in describing how dogged Bertie eventually succeeded in working behind his mother's back. He was helped by friendly Cabinet ministers who recognized the value of a Prince of Wales who spoke French and German almost as well as English, had met all the rulers (most of them his relations) and all the leading political figures in Europe. "No royalty I have ever met" said the great Gladstone, "has such charm and tact as the Prince of Wales." Gradually Bertie's "unofficial" visits to European capitals became political feelers, all the better for being disguised as mere jaunts of pleasure. Thanks to his drawing-room and boudoir experience, he matured into a unique ambassador who "could assess men's motives unerringly" and knew "exactly how . . . to pacify . . . reassure . . . captivate hostile critics [and] give real pleasure."

For 35 years before he became King, "he had talked about an *Entente* with France, and for 15 years [about] a *rapprochement* with Russia." Both notions were *push-poached* by his mother and most of her ministers, who worked *subtly* for an entente with Germany. Bertie's views did not prevail until the heirs of Bismarck made it clear that Germany intended to expand at Britain's expense. Bertie came to the throne in 1901, and from then until his death (1910) "there was scarcely a diplomatic move . . . which did not receive his active help." What Author Cowles suggests is that Bertie, the monarch who preferred women to men and acted by hunch and instinct, ended by very nearly proving "that kingship is more effective when it exerts its personality than when it exerts its brain."

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A Carnival of Humbug

ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES (410 pp.)—Angus Wilson—Viking (\$4.50).

Angus Wilson is a social satirist with an itchy trigger finger. The novel is his shooting gallery, and the characters he sets up as targets not only have clay feet but clay minds and clay hearts as well. *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* is his longest, cleverest and most annihilating display of literary marksmanship to date, and after it is all over, what hangs in the air is the acrid odor of an unrelenting misanthropy.

A Joke on Tame Cats. The theme of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* is fraud leavened with a little Freud. In particular, it is the kind of fraud practiced by the English, who cling to the belief that if something awkward is ignored, it will go away. Gerald Middleton, handsome, sixtyish and a kind of historian emeritus among English medievalists, has long repressed a suspicion that the 1912 discovery of the Melpham Tomb was a grandiose hoax on a par with Piltdown Man. The remains of a 7th century Christian bishop named Eorpwald had been found in the tomb. But in the coffin rested a shockingly priapic fertility idol. Ever since, disconcerted historians had been trying to adjust their theories to this evidence that the good bishop had relapsed into paganism. But Middleton knows something his fellow medievalists do not. Soon after the unearthing, the discoverer's son, Gilbert Stokesay, boasted in a moment of drunken glee that he had planted the pagan relic himself as a huge practical joke on "our deadly tame-cat ways and our cheap little suburban civilization."

Through the years Gerald has kept silent, and the secret has paralyzed his career and poisoned his family life. Author Wilson takes his hero on a kind of infernal journey through the circles of deceit in the world—infinity, envy, avarice, false pride, false piety, malice—before Gerald can face up to the truth about Melpham and himself. The journey is complicated, since *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* has as many characters and flashbacks as a deck has cards, and Author Wilson shuffles, reshuffles and deals them in endlessly changing combinations.

Spivs & Mistresses. Since Author Wilson's implicit tenet is that to know people is to loathe them, the people closest to Gerald are farthest from him. His Danish wife is an octupar mom rich in blood-curdling whimsy who speaks Teutonicly fractured English. Their best years together have been the long ones they have spent apart. Gerald's only daughter has married a slack-spirited intellectual snob. His younger son is a BBC television personality whose public pitch is heart-tugging interviews with the wronged; privately, he is enamored of a blackmailing, homosexual spiv. Gerald's elder son is a humorous social tycoon who keeps two sets of emotional books: in one, a grim and proper wife; in the other, a toothsome, pseudo-bohemian mistress. This illicit affair is almost a parody of



NOVELIST WILSON
Other vices, other dooms.

Gerald's own, a long-ago, long-drawn-out liaison with the alcoholic widow of that same irreverent Stokesay who tampered with the tomb at Melpham.

Other vices lead to other dooms. Gerald's professional colleagues brain each other in peevish academic pillow fights. His onetime charwoman, a raffish comic delight of a character, is picked up for petty shoplifting. Through his younger son's perverted pals, Gerald is introduced to a nether world of catty mighting governed by the rule of cadge-as-cadger-can.

Broody Hobgoblins. By novel's end Gerald's liverish conscience finally forces him to pin down the Melpham hoax and expose it. But the moral of the book seems to cancel itself out, i.e., a life without truth is not to be borne, but a life with truth is unbearable.

Author Wilson wears his rue with wit, literacy and a hostly urge to keep the epigrammatic small talk flowing. But in this carnival of humbug, the prevailing tone is strangely irascible. It is more than an irritation with fraud; it is an irritation with life as it is. Only once does an image of reconciliation with the order of things shine through, as Gerald muses: "I was wondering if it was only when we were really happy that we knew what was true." For that isolated moment the broody hobgoblins of the Anglo-Saxon mind scurry away, and the novel is laid in sunlit Mediterranean serenity.

Mixed Fiction

THE MEMOIRS OF A CROSS-EYED MAN, by James Wellford (246 pp.; St. Martin's Press: \$3). Hulking British Schoolmaster Thomas Ashe was a flop as a ladies' man, and knew it. His nose was bulbous, his mustache like a thickset, and his eyes

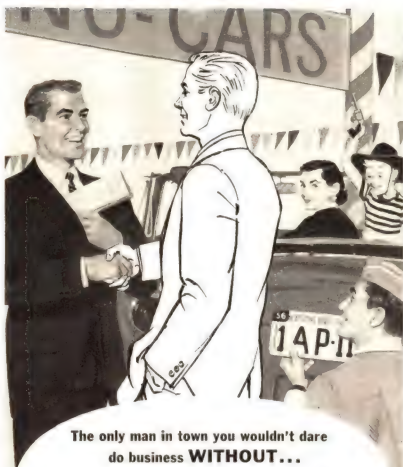


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were crossed. But when he is crowding 49, they suddenly blaze with fresh fervor at the sight of an 18-year-old ballerina named Shala Delisle. He sees in her "the meaning and import of my life, my unclimbed peak, my *terra incognita*, my uncharted sea, my route to the Blessed Isles." Ignited with a Galahad-pure flame of romance, Ashe chucks everything to pursue "the most beautiful woman in the world."

This dedicated quest for the quail leads Ashe to a strange world. In a Hollywood encampment in Tunisia, where Cosmic International is filming *The Queen of Carthage*, he finds the lovely Shala up to her violet eyes in swains. Her "little shock of incredulity" on seeing him for the first time yields to ever greater shocks as Ashe clanks through her admiring herd, disconcerting the urbane and unhorsing the sophisticated by sheer force of his awkward ardor. He pokes an oil princeling in the snoot, almost drowns the handsome son of the grand vizier. In a final melodramatic bid for Shala's heart, he parachutes into the Sahara Desert to engage a rival in mortal combat. Caught up in his exuberant campaign, he scarcely notices that his love has run off to another man.

As a wryly witty narrator of his own adventure, Ashe is allowed enough self-knowledge to be ingratiating, enough self-deception to touch the fun lightly with pathos. *Memoirs* is small beer, but it keeps its tang.

THE CROSSING, by Jean Revery (256 pp.; Pantheon: \$3.50). The French eye is quick to see beauty, even quicker to see the fatal corruption that lies beneath. This disquieting first novel by a French physician has such a theme: it tells of Palahaud, who has spent unlit years in Tahiti and has now come home to the bourgeois grey of France to die of an enormously swollen liver.

Palahaud has seen the swift ruin of so much beauty that death holds no terror. He remembers how quickly the lovely bronzed Polynesians fade, how at 30 their "faces become shrivelled and deformed... and bodies which were formerly shapely either swell or collapse into meagreness." His beautiful Tahitian mistress had come home with him, but in European clothes her soft body loses form and boldness, her sandaled feet seem flat and ugly. Palahaud dies peacefully in a hospital bed, his mind awash with memories of the sea he had always loved. A few shreds of his corpse are sent to the laboratory, where, under the microscope, "an unfamiliar aspect of Palahaud was revealed: patterns of polygonal cells, sections of vessels appearing as small circles, granular clusters, trusses of tangled fibrils. And that would be the last aspect left to mankind of the timid vagabond of islands and oceans." Mortal beauty and even mortal existence, Author Revery suggests, are never more than a bright buckler for mortal decay. But a courageous death, a first act of spirit, can give meaning to the most triling life.



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MISCELLANY

Post-Mortem. In Portland, Ore., after he mailed a .22 cartridge to his estranged third wife as a hint that he was "all shot" because of their breakup, Lawrence Anthony Lindekugel was arrested when the shell went off in transit, blitzed a stamp-canceling machine.

Arms & the Men. In Phoenix, Ariz., jailed for beguiling 75 American Legionnaires while wearing only a G-string, Strip-tease Wanda Evans drew a second charge of carrying a concealed weapon when cops found a pistol in her purse.

Witness for the Prosecution. In Union City, N.J., after Apartment-House Superintendent Margaret Keenan testified that he used bad language during a squabble over electricity, Tenant Ettore Masciandro defended himself hotly: "I never use bad language. She's a damn liar!"

Whither Thou Goest. In Pottsville, Pa., after his wife was taken to Pottsville Hospital to have a baby, Harry Thompson got lonesome, stabbed himself superficially to qualify for admission, was rushed to the same hospital.

Morality Play. In Fayetteville, N.C., after he sat through a western film, Escaped Convict Archie Scott surrendered, explained he realized that crime didn't pay when he saw the cowboys mow down a gang of cattle rustlers.

Dark Horse. In Little Rock, Ark., Mrs. Gladys Cullum won a divorce after she testified that her husband ran for state auditor—and lost—in the Democratic primary, neglected to tell her about it.

The Dispensable. In Loddon, England, after he commissioned a firm of efficiency experts to suggest ways to cut municipal expenses, Town Clerk C. R. Cadge got back a report stating that a saving of \$2,500 a year could be effected by firing the town clerk.

The Enemy. In Eaton, Ohio, Donald Evans was fined \$100 and jailed eight days for drunken driving after he crashed his auto against a water wagon, got out to investigate, climbed back in the car, clobbered the wagon again.

Apron Strings. In Milwaukee, Meyer Geller sued for divorce, charged his wife made him "nervous" by pouring turpentine on him, trying to set his bed afire as he slept, threatening to take him "with her into death."

Escape Clause. In Manhattan, after testimony that her husband kept a rendezvous with another woman, Mrs. Roslyn Denberg was granted a divorce by a judge who observed: "The unorthodox method of egress used by the defendant down from the seventh floor via the fire escape indicated a consciousness of guilt."



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